

The Bad Boy and the Freak by tvdspnlover

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Summary: Billy hated Krystal. He hated having another step-sister. He hated having to move to Hawkins because of her. And most of all, he hated how she was the only girl who was able to get under his skin. He couldn't really have feelings for his freak of a step-sister, could he? Billy/OC

1. Hawkins

Billy hated Krystal. He had decided that fact before he had even met her. If it wasn't for the teenage girl they wouldn't have had to move to the backwards town of Hawkins. Billy couldn't understand why Susan, his stepmother was suddenly acting like she cared about her estranged daughter. Susan hadn't seen Krystal for over a year, and most of the time seemed happy enough to ignore the existence of her. That was until Benny Hammond, Krystal's father, had committed suicide in front of his daughter, and a wave of trouble was set in motion. Krystal had quickly been fostered after spending only a few weeks in care, much to her mother's surprise. It had been the calm before the storm as only a few weeks ago, Krystal had turned up in California, insisting that she wouldn't be returning to her foster parents anytime soon. From the bruises and cuts littering her body, Susan quickly agreed to this. Billy's father seemed to see this as a lucky opportunity to get away from the questions that had begun to surround Billy's own cuts and bruises that were becoming more frequent. And that's how Billy found himself driving himself, and his two step-sisters towards Hawkins High the day before Halloween. Both Billy and Max had been surprised that morning when Krystal announced she wanted to sit shotgun, which wouldn't have been a strange request, apart from the fact that it was the first time she had spoken since they had arrived in Hawkins. The girl was practically a mute. At least he could get a rise out of Max, but with Krystal, it was like something inside her had broken. He glanced at the girl beside him, her long brunette hair flying past her face from the strength of the wind. From the few pictures Billy had seen of her father, Krystal was a 50/50 mix between her parents. She inherited her pale skin, and blue eyes from her mother, but her dark hair and more muscular frame from her father. Billy made sure to have this music on full blast, and even revved the engine more than needed, as he drove into the school parking lot. If there was one thing he was good at, it was making an entrance. He could already tell half of the school's eyes were on his car. Max grabbed her backpack and skateboard, and climbed out of the backseat, not sparing either of them a glance.

"Max!" A voice called out, just as she was about to hop on her skateboard.

Max turned around with wide eyes, as she realised it was her sister who had spoken. It was almost disturbing that she had forgotten what her sister's voice sounded like.

"Have a good day" Krystal told her, giving her a tense smile.

"Uh, sure. You too" Max nodded, noticing how it seemed like it almost pained Krystal to speak.

"Are you not going to say the same to me?" Billy questioned, raising an eyebrow.

Krystal turned to him, simply raising an eyebrow right back. Billy was convinced she wasn't going to say anything until he saw her eyes focus on where he knew a bruise would be blossoming in his hairline. When he had told his father last night that he didn't want to drive his step-sisters to school, his father hadn't been best pleased.

"What are you looking at, freak?" Billy hissed, hoping to make her feel uncomfortable.

"I'm looking at you" She stated, in such a way that it was Billy who instead felt uncomfortable.

"Jesus, I swear you've got a screw loose" Billy scoffed, looking away from her.

"If you want to get into the popular group quickly, you should join the basketball team. Talk to Tommy H. He's a dick...you'd probably like him" Krystal informed him, leaving Billy speechless.

"What, so you're talking now?" Billy asked, as Krystal exited the car.

"Only when I feel like it" She shrugged, picking up her backpack and walking towards the school.

Shaking his head, Billy mulled over the advice she had just given to him. It wasn't so much that he liked being popular, but more that he needed it. He needed to feel like he was in control somewhere. He just couldn't understand how Krystal had figured that out already in only a few weeks.

Meanwhile, Krystal was gripping onto the strap from her backpack, hoping that the passengers in the car she was approaching wouldn't notice her. She had been so distracted by her conversation with Billy that she hadn't realised where she was walking. Krystal hadn't been planning on saying anything to her new step-brother, but when she noticed the bruise on his face, it was easy to put two and two together. It seemed like they had a lot more in common than Krystal had first thought. However, she hadn't been planning on saying anything to Max either. She wanted to bang her head into a wall, seeing how her resolve had already begun to crumble. It was easier not having to speak, it was safer.

"Krystal?" A familiar voice questioned, distracting her from her thoughts.

"Hey...I...I thought you were still in California" Steve Harrington exclaimed, as Nancy came to his side.

Krystal simply shrugged in response, gripping the strap even harder. She could tell a small crowd had begun to watch their interaction, interested to see how it turned out. Steve began to approach Krystal, whose grip on her backpack had become painful.

"Maybe...maybe we should hang out sometime? It feels like it's been forever since-" Steve was cut off when Krystal's fist suddenly slammed into his face.

Steve would have fallen to the ground from the impact if Nancy wasn't there to steady him. He looked up at Krystal with a shocked expression, his eyes wide. Krystal seemed to be practically bristling with anger, words on the tip of her tongue. However, she simply flipped him off and stormed through the crowd of teenagers. Billy had watched the entire reaction, as he realised he had a small grin on his face from watching his step-sister wail on some lanky guy after not even being back at the school for five minutes. Maybe she wasn't quite as boring as he thought.

Billy noticed that Krystal seemed to have bunked off school after lunch, which allowed him time to gather some information on her. While he was making out with some girl whose name he couldn't

even remember, he brought up the fight that had happened in the parking lot. Unsurprisingly, she was more than happy to gossip, and Billy soon found out some things that shocked him. Supposedly, Krystal and Steve had not only been best friends for years but also the King and Queen of the school. Krystal had been at the top of her classes, sociable if a bit of a bitch, and alongside being King's Steve's right-hand woman, everyone had known her. That all changed after her father's suicide, as she became withdrawn from everyone, and Steve seemed determined to avoid her at all costs. She had all but stopped speaking to everyone a few months ago, even her teachers couldn't get more than a nod out of her. The girl told him that Krystal had slowly just faded into the background and that's where she had stayed until she came into school a few weeks ago looking like she had been beaten within an inch of her life. Steve had finally approached her and some big argument went down, which resulted in Krystal storming out of the school, and Billy guessed getting a one-way ticket to California. True to her word, Krystal showed up at his car just after the bell rang to signify the end of the school day. Billy couldn't stop the grin spreading on his face, as he watched her slide into the passenger seat. Happy he finally had some ammunition to get under the girl's skin, he flicked his cigarette to the ground and got into the driver's seat. Just as he went to open his mouth, he saw Krystal pulling an air freshener out of her bag, which she hung from the front mirror.

"What's this?" He questioned, touching the pine fresh item.

"For the cow shit" Krystal shrugged, as he pulled her seatbelt on.

Billy's mouth hung open for a moment, as he realised that she must have somehow noticed the grimace on his face when he smelt the manure in the fields, as they were driving to the school. It was such a small reaction, that Billy couldn't help but wonder what else Krystal had already picked up on. He subconsciously, smoothed his hair down, hiding the bruise that had begun to show more.

"How was school?" Susan smiled, as they all arrived home.

"Nothing special" Max stated, going to the kitchen for a glass of water.

"Krystal?" Susan questioned, only getting a shrug in reply, as the young girl flopped down onto the couch.

"Billy, how was your first day?" Susan inquired, as Billy surveyed the house, finding that his father wasn't home.

"New building, same old skanks" Billy mumbled, earning a small snigger from Krystal on the couch.

"Billy!" Susan gasped, disgusted by his language.

"Sorry, same old whores. Is that better?" Billy smirked, enjoying riling up his stepmother.

"I don't appreciate that sort of language in this household. Stop it now or...or I'll tell your father" Susan insisted, as Billy's jaw tensed, and he pushed past her to sit on the couch.

"Did you talk to Tommy H?" Krystal inquired, as she took her shoes off.

"Yes, but not because you told me to" Billy mumbled, knowing how childish he sounded.

"That 'skank' you were making out with at lunch today...it's his girlfriend, by the way" Krystal informed him, a small smirk on her face.

Billy's eyes widened at this knowledge, not only because he could have already committed social suicide but because it meant that Krystal had been watching him.

"What, are you some peeping tom now?" Billy scoffed.

"If you don't want my help with taking over the school...that's your problem" Krystal shrugged, about to stand up.

"And why would you want that? Don't your loyalties lie with 'King Steve'?" Billy suggested.

"I hate Steve. I haven't known you long enough yet to hate you, but who knows, there's still time" Krystal shrugged, almost teasingly.

Suddenly Billy could start to see how she was once running Hawkins High. He couldn't understand how one minute she looked as meek as a mouse, and next she was acting sly enough to take even him on.

"Trust me, you'll hate him by next week" Max scoffed, overhearing the end of their conversation.

Krystal seemed to stiffen when she saw her younger sister approaching and shrugged once again before scurrying off to her room. Billy could see the hurt on Max's face at how Krystal was acting around her, but he couldn't understand why.

Krystal slammed her bedroom door shut and let her head fall against it. She hated upsetting Max, but she couldn't afford to get close to anyone again. Her father, her foster parents, even Steve...every let her down. At least with Billy, she didn't have to worry about that. Billy didn't care about her, and he had made that clear from the start. She knew where she stood with him.

Author's Notes: I hope you all liked this first chapter! So I watched Season 3 recently and I absolutely loved it...and now I love Billy too, haha. To clarify, yes Benny Hammond is the same Benny who died in Season 1, I thought it would be interesting to see a bit more of his character and have it connected to my OC. If you'd like to see more of this fanfic please leave a review and let me know what you thought:)

2. Halloween Eve

"Honey, can I come in?" Susan Hargrove questioned, as she knocked on her daughter's door.

When she got no response, either way, she pushed the door open, her eyes widening as she looked around the room. There were almost a dozen lamps placed in strategic places and metres of fairy lights covering the length of Krystal's bedroom.

"When did you do this?" Susan inquired, finding Krystal reading a book on her bed.

Krystal made no sign that she had heard her mother and flipped over to the next page in her book.

"Neil's asked Billy to get our grocery shopping for the week while we go out for date night. He wants you to go with Billy" Susan explained, as Krystal looked up with a frown.

"He wants you to keep him in line, I think" Susan went on, as Krystal raised an eyebrow before looking back down at her book.

"Max will have to go with him otherwise-" Susan informed her, as Krystal threw the book onto her pillow, pushing herself up from the bed.

"Is that a yes?" Susan tried to clarify, as Krystal pushed past her.

"Honey, why won't you speak to me?" Susan asked as she grabbed Krystal's wrist.

Krystal's eyes snapped to her mother's as she let out a scoff, pulling her wrist from her grip. She couldn't believe her mother was so oblivious to how Krystal would feel about being abandoned for so many years. Her mother never cared about her before, so she didn't understand why she was trying to act like she did. Krystal threw on a large leather jacket and exited the house where she found Billy smoking against his car.

"What are you doing?" Billy questioned, as Krystal opened the door to

the car.

"Babysitting" Krystal shrugged, as she sat in the passenger seat.

"My dad put you up to this?" Billy guessed as she nodded.

"Do you want me to leave?" Krystal raised an eyebrow, as he got into the driver's seat.

"Not unless I want a matching bruise" Billy mumbled, looking in his front mirror at the bruise which had become more noticeable throughout the day,

"You can barely see it with all that hair" Krystal pointed out, getting a look from Billy.

"Says you. Your hair's so long it's practically touching your ass" Billy retorted.

"At least I don't have a hairy ass" Krystal teased, with a small smile.

"I don't have a hairy ass!" Billy exclaimed, making Krystal laugh at his childish behaviour.

"There, there. Mind your blood pressure" Krystal mocked, patting him on his shoulder.

"I didn't think it was possible but your actually more annoying than Max" Billy scoffed, brushing her hand off him.

As if on cue, Max opened the backdoor and flopped into the car, as Billy turned around expectantly.

"Mum says you have to take me to the arcade" Max announced, as Billy rolled his eyes.

Krystal couldn't keep the amused smile off her face, as Billy was clearly reevaluating who the more annoying sibling was.

"What's so funny?" Max questioned, but only got a shrug from Krystal in response.

Max leaned back against her seat with a huff, she couldn't understand why her sister seemed happy enough to talk to Billy of all people but would blank her at every opportunity. It wasn't fair, it was their mother who had abandoned Krystal, not her, Max thought to herself.

"If you're even half a second late, I'll leave without you" Billy told Max, as he parked outside of the arcade.

"No, you won't" Max mumbled, as she opened her door, knowing Billy would fear the repercussions from his father too much.

"What did you say? Don't test me, Max" Billy warned her, turning around in his seat.

"I'll be here, alright? Jesus" Max grumbled as she slammed the door shut.

"Don't close the door so fucking hard!" Billy yelled as Max flipped him off before storming into the arcade.

"Oh God, are you one of those guys that think his car's his baby?" Krystal guessed.

"If I so much as chip the paint on this car my dad's going to rain all hell on me" Billy admitted.

"Then why don't you just tell Max that?" Krystal stated.

"Why don't you just talk to her?" Billy retorted as he started the car.

Krystal opened her mouth to respond but seemed to think better of it, and shut her mouth, crossing her arms as she did. Billy could tell immediately he had found a sore spot for Krystal and couldn't help but push it further.

"Are you really that jealous that she's clearly your mum's favourite?" Billy guessed as Krystal shook her head.

"You think that's what this is about?" Krystal scoffed.

"It's not?" Billy insisted.

"I'm not mad at Max" Krystal replied.

"Jesus, I'd hate to see when you actually like someone then" Billy mocked.

"Likewise. How exactly did you charm Carol enough to stick your tongue down her throat?" Krystal asked.

"A gentleman never tells" Billy joked, as Krystal let out a small laugh.

"If there's one thing you're not, it's a gentleman, Billy" Krystal pointed out, as they shared a knowing look.

"C'mon, if you want to become King of the school then you need to make sure your costume is good" Krystal announced, as they looked around a costume store.

Krystal had convinced Billy that he should go to the upcoming Halloween party if he wanted any chance of becoming popular.

"This girl, Tina? It's her party, right?" Billy questioned, not sparing a look at most costumes.

"Yep, she's the most popular and probably richest girl in the school" Krystal told him.

"Is she hot?" Billy asked, with a mischievous glint in his eyes.

"She's irritating and a smart ass, so I expect she's just your type" Krystal replied, as Billy huffed a laugh.

"Oh, so the kitten does have some claws?" Billy questioned, raising an eyebrow at her.

"I used to...can you just pick something already?" Krystal mumbled, getting annoyed as he hadn't been paying attention to the costumes for at least ten minutes.

"Trust me, I'll be much more popular out of my costume" Billy smirked, as he exited the shop with Krystal following behind.

"Tina's party might not have a dress code, but I think there might be a problem if you turn up naked" Krystal informed him, with a shake of her head.

"Who said anything about naked?" Billy exclaimed, his eyes landing on her leather jacket.

Without another word, he had stripped off his shirt in the street, getting a disapproving look from a group of middle-aged women. He sent a wink their way, enjoying the way they blushed.

"The hell are doing?" Karmen frowned, looking away from his shirtless chest.

As much as she had tried to ignore it, her new stepbrother was irritatingly good looking. With his dirty blond hair, piercing blue eyes and from what she could see, rippling abs, he was enough to make any girl weak in the knees.

"Give me your jacket" Billy stated, holding his hand out.

"What, why?" Krystal questioned.

"You want me to wear a costume, well I think I just found the one I want" He pointed out, as he came to stand behind her.

Billy pushed her hair to the side, his fingertips trailing against her neck as he did so. Krystal shivered slightly, not used to the intimate contact from anyone, especially someone who looked like Billy. He then pulled the jacket off her shoulders and shrugged it on, finding that it fit him perfectly as it was too big for her.

"It was my Dad's" Krystal admitted, when Billy seemed to be questioning why it was so big.

"Oh...uh, I can find something else-" Billy started, feeling a rare sliver of guilt.

"It's fine. I took half of his wardrobe. I have like seven of his jackets" Krystal shrugged.

"Huh, and I thought your mum had a lot of clothes" Billy joked,

taking a cigarette out of his shirt pocket.

"Maybe that's the reason she liked him" Krystal laughed lightly.

"You know I think you've talked more tonight than you have the past few weeks" Billy stated, feeling it needed to be said.

"Right back at you. What happened to the annoyed glares you've been sending my way for dragging you to this 'hick town'?" Krystal questioned, as Billy lit his cigarette.

"Maybe you're not the most annoying stepsister after all...besides we were gonna' have to leave California anyway" Billy shrugged, as Krystal grimaced at the use of the word.

"Okay, I vote that we never use our names and brother and sister in the same sentence" Krystal suggested.

"Deal" Billy nodded, with a twitch of his lips.

"You should ask Tommy H. for an invite to Tina's party tomorrow. She and Carol are joined at the hip, so he'll definitely be able to get you an invite" Krystal explained.

"You're not coming?" Billy realised.

"Well I wouldn't want to ruin the King to Be's reputation" Krystal mocked.

"It's that or go trick r' treating with Max. Trust me, it's better than staying in alone with my dad" Billy stated.

"Parties aren't really my thing...not anymore" Krystal mumbled.

"What if I say I'll throw my drink over Harrington?" Billy suggested as Krystal shook her head fondly.

"As much as I would like to see that...it's still a no. It's just not a good idea" Krystal insisted.

Billy decided to drop the subject, not understanding himself why he had been pushing so hard for her to come. For someone who was

usually so quiet, she was easy to talk to.

"This doesn't mean we're good now or anything, okay? I still don't like you and the rest of your family" Billy told her, as she put her hands up in mock defence.

"And I still think you're an ass" Krystal shrugged, walking past him.

Billy opened his mouth to reply but found the words died in his mouth. Instead, he felt a smile tugging on his lips.

Author's Notes: I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! I'd love to know what you guys think of Krystal. Is there anything, in particular, you want to see in this story? Please leave a review:)

Guest: Thank you for the review! I'm glad you're liking it so far, and I hope you enjoy this chapter:)

3. Tina's Party

"What's got you so pissed, Princess?" Billy asked, spotting Krystal reading a book on the couch, barely contained anger on her face.

"Some asshole has pissed off his step-sister so bad, that now her sister is having to walk her into town to go Trick R' Treating" Krystal stated, with a glare.

"I can't help it if the little shit can't take a joke" Billy huffed.

"She said you almost ran over some kids in her class" Krystal pointed out, raising an eyebrow.

"Almost being the important word" Billy retorted, with a smug look.

"Well thanks for ruining my evening, anyways" Krystal grumbled, going back to look at her book.

"And what exactly were you planning on doing? Got a hot date?" Billy went on, going to stand behind the couch.

This time Krystal didn't reply to him, as Billy rolled his neck in annoyance. He then grabbed an invitation from his pocket, dropping it into Krystal's lap.

"I already told you I'm not going" Krystal insisted, seeing it was an invite to Tina's party.

"What are you so scared of? Having a little fun?" Billy questioned, crouching down so that he was level with her ear.

"Cheap booze and drunk teens? Doesn't exactly sound like it's going to be the highlight of my week" Krystal pointed out.

"And Trick R' Treating with Max sounds like more fun?" Billy raised an eyebrow, as she turned to look at him.

"She's thirteen. I'm not going to let her wander around the neighbourhood late at night" Krystal exclaimed.

"Find her some other kids to hang out with then" Billy shrugged.

"We wouldn't even be having this argument if you hadn't been an asshole to her earlier" Krystal went on.

"Well if you change your mind and want to have some fun...it starts at 8" Billy told her, as Krystal could feel his breath against her face, as she realised just how close they were to each other.

"Don't hold your breath" Krystal smirked, her eyes dropping down at his lips curved into an amused smile.

"You got my outfit?" Billy questioned, standing upright.

"It's hanging by the door" Krystal informed him, turning her attention back to her book.

She heard him walk away and could hear the rustling of fabric, finding he had stripped off his shirt when she turned around. They had left California over a month ago, but his chest was still as tanned as the rest of his body. With an amused snort, she realised he must have shaved his chest, as it now looked ridiculously smooth, apart from a line of dark hair that ran from his stomach past his jeans. She looked away quickly when she felt her face begin to flush, not wanting him to catch her practically ogling his body.

"Well, what do you think?" Billy questioned, holding his arms out as Krystal turned back around.

"You look like an asshole who spends too much time staring at himself in the mirror," Krystal told him.

"That's cute" Billy snorted, as he opened the door.

"...I'll see you later?" Billy said, as more of a question than a statement.

Krystal suddenly realised just how important it was to Billy that the night went well. He wanted to be in charge at school because he couldn't be at home, she guessed. He was going to the party early, probably hoping to gain favour with Tina. Krystal just couldn't understand why he wanted her there.

"Maybe" She shrugged, as he nodded, before closing the door.

"This is humiliating...you could have at least dressed up" Max groaned, as she and Krystal walked into town.

Krystal rolled her eyes at her little sister's nagging, but she could understand why. She was only wearing a sweatshirt and jeans; it wasn't exactly Trick R' Treating attire.

"I don't even know why you're here" Max grumbled, kicking a nearby rock.

"It's not safe to be out late at night...definitely not in this town" Krystal mumbled, her mind going to her late father.

"You know you'd actually have to care about me to be worried about my safety" Max scoffed.

"I do care" Krystal winced.

"You don't act like it" Max stated.

"I'm just going through...stuff" Krystal told her, not being able to find the right words.

"Stuff? Really? And that's why this is the most you've talked to me in a year?" Max huffed.

"It's complicated" Krystal retorted.

"People always say that, but it's not. You hate me because mom took kept me and sent you away to your dad" Max explained.

"That's not true! Don't ever think that!" Krystal insisted, stopping in front of her.

"Then what is it? Because you seem to like Billy more than me, and he's a dick" Max went on.

"He's not that bad" Krystal shrugged, as Max seemed to have become distracted by a group of boys in front of them.

"Look I'm glad that you're actually talking to me for once, but this is so embarrassing having to have my sister escorting me on Halloween. So..." Max trailed off.

"I can't leave you on your own, Max" Krystal shook her head.

"You won't. Those are my friends up there" Max exclaimed, pointing to the group of boys.

"Those kids?" Krystal frowned.

"What, do you know them?" Max queried.

"Kind of...they were involved in...everything that went down last year" Krystal explained.

"Oh...well, I'm not exactly run off my feet with offers of kids who want to hang around with me" Max went on, giving her sister a sad look.

"Okay, okay. You'll have to get one of their parents to give you a lift home. And make sure your home by ten!" Krystal called after her, as she was already rushing towards the group.

Krystal shook her head fondly, as she saw Max pull her Mike Myers mask over her head and jumped out at the boys, clearly scaring the hell out of them. Taking the invitation out of her pocket, she stared at it for a few seconds before hearing a doorbell ring in the distance. She looked up to see the only shop that seemed to be open was a costume shop.

"Why not" She shrugged to herself, walking in the shop's direction.

Billy had his arm slung around Tina's shoulder, pulling her close, with a drink in his other hand when he heard everyone go quiet behind him. He turned around to see what everyone was looking at, putting his drink to his lips as he did so. The alcohol never reached his mouth, as he slowly lowered his drink when he saw what the attraction was. Krystal was walking towards the party in what appeared to be a Red Riding Hood costume. Tied up in a black corset, short red skirt and thigh-high boots, she had everyone's attention.

Mostly because she hadn't been seen at any social event for a year, but in Billy's case because he was pretty sure he was almost drooling. Closing his mouth which had dropped open the moment he saw her, he pulled away from Tina, making his way towards her.

"Well, well. Look what the cat dragged in" Billy exclaimed, letting his eyes trail up and down her body one last time.

"Seeing as you were so devastated about me not coming, I figured I'd make an appearance" She shrugged, with a smirk.

"I knew you would" He grinned, actually looking happy.

"I believe I was promised cheap booze" Krystal suggested, eyeing his drink.

"Your wish is my command, Princess" Billy teased, handing her his red cup.

As Krystal began to take a swig of the drink, Billy pushed the end of the cup up higher, forcing her to drink more. She brushed his hands away with a laugh, as some of the alcohol dripped down her cheek. With what could only be described as a shit-eating grin, he wiped away the alcohol with his thumb.

"I was also promised some fun" Krystal stated.

"Then you've come to the right place," Billy told her, grabbing her hand and pulling her towards the speakers.

An hour later, and both teenagers were starting to feel the full effects of the alcohol in their system. Krystal swayed to the loud music, no thoughts of the usual fear and anxiety that had been plaguing her for the last year. Billy was surprised by how carefree she seemed and imagined this was how she had been most of the time before her father's death. He found himself wishing he had known her back then. He quickly pushed the weird thought out of his head, as he saw Krystal was smiling at him. She raised her cup to clink their cups together, but put too much strength behind the motion, almost spilling most of the alcohol from both cups. The pair laughed at the

action, finding it much funnier than it was.

"You want to see if you're still the reining Keg Queen, Hammond?" Tommy H. suggested to Krystal.

The pair had been the centre of attention that night, not only because it was strange to see Krystal actually interacting with people, but because of her behaviour around her step-brother. Tommy H. knew he wasn't the only one who had picked up that the pair didn't act like they were supposed to be siblings.

"What's this?" Billy questioned.

"Krystal here still holds the record for longest time drinking from the keg upside down" Carol explained, patting Krystal on the back, who seemed a little uncomfortable at the gesture.

"Aren't you full of surprises" Billy stated, raising his eyebrow at her.

"You have no idea" Krystal giggled, drunkenly, as she rushed over to the keg.

Billy followed her, as she placed the keg tap in her mouth, and grabbed onto the edge of the keg. Tommy H. and Carol walked forward to help lift her, but Billy pushed in front of them. He grabbed her thighs, making sure he had a good grip before he lifted her off the ground, and her arms pushed her body into a headstand. Tommy H. turned the tap on, seeming disappointed that Krystal's skirt was tight enough that it didn't slip down even when she was upside down. Krystal made it to forty seconds before the weight of being upside down, and the amount of alcohol she was chugging down made her too dizzy to keep her balance. She might have fallen off the keg, if it wasn't for Billy's strong grip on her thighs, as he helped lower her down. She laughed drunkenly, as everyone began cheering her name, seeing as she had just beaten her own record.

"My turn" Billy announced, a mischievous tone to his voice, as he placed the keg tap between his lips.

Krystal and Tommy H. helped push him upright, but he seemed to need no help in staying in the headstand. His muscular arms did all

the work, and soon enough forty-two seconds had passed, as Billy finally submitted, jumping to the ground. He spat out the remanding alcohol, as everyone cheered around him.

"We have a new Keg King!" Tommy H. announced, patting Billy on the back.

"That's how you do it, Hawkins! That's how you do it!" Billy yelled, grabbing a cigarette from Tommy H's hand.

"I think Harrington should hear he's been dethroned...don't you, Krystal?" Tommy H. suggested as Krystal glared at him, knowing he just wanted another fight.

"I think you're right. It's time I met this...King Steve" Billy announced a mischevious look in his eyes.

Author's Notes: I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! I wonder what will happen when they see Steve next chapter. And whether there will be any consequences of their behaviour at the party? Please leave a review:)

IsabellaAnne-Rogers: Aw, thank you! I'm really glad you're enjoying their interactions so far. I hope you liked this chapter:)

farrahjohnson21: Thank you for the review:) The three of them meeting, while they're all drunk will certainly be...explosive, haha. I'm so happy you like my writing style!

Lone-Wolf-Ranger: Yay, I'm glad you're liking this story:)

emilym6280: Thank you! I hope you like this chapter.

teenwolfismylife101: Aw, thank you! I'm super glad you're liking this story so far:)

4. Drunken Fights

Krystal watched as Billy began to push his way through the crowds towards Steve, who seemed to be in deep conversation with Nancy. As she began to follow him, she let her eyes wander over Steve, who she knew would have spent over an hour doing his hair for the party. Billy came to a halt right in front of him, as he gave Steve an unimpressed look, taking a puff of his cigarette.

"Can I help you?" Steve questioned, raising an eyebrow.

"I'm just wondering how some prissy boy like you used to be King of the school" Billy answered, his cigarette hanging from his lips.

"I really don't have time for this shit-" Steve scoffed, with a shake of his head.

"From what I hear you don't have time for a lot of things" Billy retorted, as Krystal couldn't help but wonder if he was referring to her.

This stopped Steve in his tracks, as he took a proper look at Billy for the first time and seemed to realise who he was. Nancy guessed that the confrontation wasn't going to end well and rolled her eyes. She didn't want to get involved in teenage drama and walked away towards the drinks table.

"Look, new kid-" Steve started, but Billy cut him off once again.

"It's Hargrove. Billy Hargrove. You should learn the name, you'll be hearing it a lot" Billy smirked, taking a step forward.

"Jesus, you're really full of yourself, huh? Or are you just full of shit?" Steve mocked, as Billy began to grin.

"Maybe you have some fire in you, after all, Harrington" Billy cheered.

Steve rolled his eyes in response and realised that Nancy was no longer with him. He turned around to look for her in the crowd, as Billy decided to push him further.

"Shame you turned bitch. But hey, I can see why. Wheeler looks like a good lay. And from what I hear, she doesn't take much persuasion-" Billy exclaimed, as Steve whipped around and grabbed him by the lapels of his leather jacket, pure anger on his face.

"Don't talk about her like that!" Steve warned him, looking ready to explode.

"Take your fucking hands off me" Billy growled, in a low tone.

Krystal could see the dangerous look in Billy's eyes and knew if she didn't intervene, Steve would probably end up in the hospital.

"Steve, let him go" Krystal announced, putting her hand on Steve's shoulder.

"You better do what she says," Billy told him, as Steve reluctantly pulled away.

"I thought we were going to get round two with you and Harrington for a second there, Krystal" Tommy H. teased, placing his arm around her shoulders, as Steve walked away.

In response, Krystal elbowed him in the stomach, as he stumbled back. Without turning around, Krystal raised her middle finger in the air and walked towards the kitchen to get another drink. She could hear Billy cheering her on as she went and couldn't help but smile.

By the time midnight came around, Krystal was well and truly drunk. She had hopped onto the counter in the kitchen, in an attempt to stop the room spinning, but it didn't help. Just as she was about to bring her cup filled with alcohol to her lips, it was taken away from her hand. Krystal was surprised when she saw who was in front of her.

"What do you want?" She asked Steve, who was looking at her with a concerned expression.

"You've had enough" Steve stated, as she tried to grab her drink.

"You're not the boss of me, Steve" She scoffed, as he kept her drink at arm's length.

"What happened to the three-drink maximum at high school parties?" Steve inquired.

"I decided a three-drink minimum was much more fun" Krystal laughed drunkenly, as she tried to grab the drink again, but fell off the counter this time.

Luckily, Steve was able to catch her in time, his arm going around her waist and helping her stand upright. While he was distracted, she grabbed the drink from his other hand and downed it immediately. Throwing the drink behind her, she let out a cheer, as even Steve had to laugh at the ridiculousness of her behaviour. The pair's interaction had caught Billy's attention, who currently had a pretty blonde on his lap. He watched as Steve kept his arm around Krystal's waist, and begun to wonder yet again whether the pair had been more than friends. He suddenly stood up, almost throwing the blonde to the ground as he did so, who let out an annoyed cry. He insisted to himself that it was only because it was Steve with her that he was angry. Even though he had already told three guys that night to back off when they approached her. But that wasn't the point. The point was...he was too drunk to remember, but Steve had to go.

"So, are you talking to me now?" Steve questioned, as Krystal stared into his brown eyes, finding herself zoning out.

"No..." Krystal shook her head, letting out a drunken laugh when she realised the irony.

"Look, can we talk in private? We've never talked about...what you said last month" Steve exclaimed.

"In private? I'm not that kind of girl, Stevie" Krystal giggled, as Steve shook his head, fondly.

"C'mon, I'll bring these chips with me" Steve suggested, grabbing a packet and waving it around.

"Ooo, deal" Krystal grinned, grabbing the packet as she followed him.

He led her towards a quiet corridor not far away, and leaned against the wall, as she started eating the chips happily. Billy was close

behind them but came to a halt when he heard what they were talking about.

"Do you remember what you said when we had that fight at school?" Steve asked.

"Uh...that you were a dick" Krystal laughed to herself.

"Anything else?" Steve insisted.

"That you didn't care about me, that you only cared about Nancy... oh, and that...that I loved you..." Krystal trailed off, as she stopped eating.

Billy, who was still hiding behind the corner, frowned at this confession. Steve seemed like such an idiot that he couldn't understand why Krystal would be friends with him, let alone love him.

"Yeah, that" Steve nodded, with a sigh.

"You don't have anything else to say?" Krystal inquired.

"Krystal...I'm with Nancy" Steve replied.

"My ex-best friend...yeah, I remember" Krystal stated, starting to feel much soberer.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" Steve sighed.

"I'm sorry that me loving you is so...so inconvenient" Krystal scoffed.

"I didn't mean it like that. Look, if I knew how you felt...maybe something could have happened. I care about you, a lot. You're my best friend. But I love Nancy. I'm sorry-" Steve was cut off, as Krystal raised her hand up.

"You think all of this is why I hit you? Getting rejected...that's fine. Well, it's not fine, but I could deal with it. I...I turned up at school covered in cuts and bruises and you...you saw me! And you just looked the other way. You say I'm your best friend? Some fucking friend you are. I needed help. Where were you?!" Krystal cried,

shoving him in the chest.

"I'm sorry. That's all I can say" Steve replied.

"You know what? I should thank you. You've really made falling out of love with you easy" Krystal spat out, as she turned to walk away.

"Krystal, wait!" Steve called after her, as she turned the corner.

She was surprised when she collided with a tanned chest and looked up to see Billy staring back at her. She realised from the look on his face that he had heard some of her conversation with Steve and waited for him to begin mocking her. With cutting words on his tongue, Billy was ready to do just that until he noticed her red-rimmed eyes. The utter look of rejection on her face that he knew so well. It suddenly hit him why he had wanted Krystal at the party, why he liked being around her. They were the same. Two kids rejected by their mothers who were too scared to open to anyone else in fear of the same thing happening. But Krystal had opened up to someone, and they had thrown it back in her face. A stray tear fell down Krystal's cheek, as she looked away from him. Before he could stop himself, he reached out and brushed away the tear with his thumb, surprising Krystal with the intimate gesture. Billy pulled away quickly when Steve came rushing around the corner, who seemed annoyed to see him there.

"Krystal, please. Let's just talk about this" Steve began, as she turned to look at him.

"I think I've done enough talking for tonight" Krystal retorted, as she went to walk away.

Steve stepped forward to follow her, but Billy immediately blocked his way, an angry look in his eyes.

"She said she doesn't want to talk to you" Billy insisted, squaring up to Steve.

"This is none of your business, man" Steve scoffed.

"She's my step-sister. So yeah, it is my business" Billy stated.

"You've sure been checking her out a lot tonight to be acting brotherly now" Steve goaded, as Billy gritted his teeth.

Krystal wasn't expecting Billy to suddenly headbutt Steve, who had only been standing a few inches away from him. Steve stumbled backwards, as Billy began hurling punches, most of which hit their target. Everyone began to crowd around them, most of the boys cheering on the fight. Steve managed to duck and avoid one of Billy's punches, and lunged at him, throwing him into the wall.

"Stop! Both of you stop it!" Krystal cried.

They didn't listen to her, as Billy grabbed what appeared to be an expensive vase and slammed it down onto Steve's head. This allowed Billy to get the upper hand once again, as he twisted them around and shoved Steve against the wall.

"Billy!" Krystal exclaimed, her hand grabbing Billy's arm.

"You can stop" Krystal insisted, as he turned to look at her.

Billy let go of Steve, who dropped to the ground, with a thump. Krystal grimaced as she could see the cuts and bruises already littering his face.

"Steve!" Nancy gasped, as she pushed through the crowd.

She was by his side in an instant, helping him to stand upright. Krystal looked away with a guilty look on her face, as Tina approached them.

"What the hell?! That was my mum's vase! Get out. All of you. Now!" Tina announced, pointing towards the door.

Needing no more persuasion, Nancy began helping Steve towards the door, his arm slung over her shoulder.

"Your party was shit anyways" Billy smirked, as he shoved past Tina, grabbing a bottle of vodka on his way out.

Krystal quickly began to rush after him, hating the feel of everyone's eyes on her. The night couldn't have gone much worse.

"What do you think you're doing?" Krystal asked when she saw Billy walk towards his car.

It had taken Billy almost twenty minutes to finally find his car, and half the bottle of vodka had already been drunk.

"Driving us home obviously" He mumbled, as he opened the car door and flopped into the seat.

"Really?" Krystal went on.

"Yep," Billy replied, as he began fumbling for his keys in his pockets.

"Billy...the driver's seat is the other side" Krystal pointed out, as Billy realised, he was in the passenger's seat.

"Oh..." Billy trailed off, still looking for his keys.

"Looking for these?" Krystal guessed, ushering towards his keys which were still in the door.

"...Maybe I won't drive us home" Billy nodded, as he got out of the car.

Krystal nodded, as she took the bottle of vodka from Billy's hands and began to down the vodka. Billy watched in amazement as she continued to chug the drink, throwing her head back. Eventually, her throat began to burn too much, as she pulled the bottle away from her lips, only a small amount of the vodka remaining. Krystal smirked at Billy's look of awe.

"You would have liked me back in the day," She told him, as they started walking.

"You're not so bad now" Billy shrugged, his hands in his pockets.

"Aw, I think that's the nicest thing you've ever said to me" Krystal giggled, nudging him with her elbow.

"Yeah well, you're still a freak" Billy added.

"And your still an asshole" She replied, as they began to laugh.

"Still I lived up to my promise and more" Billy announced, as Krystal gave him a questioning look.

"Of throwing my drink over Harrington. I one-upped myself...it was a vase instead" Billy grinned, as Krystal shook her head.

"You're so mean. His face is going to be all bruised...it's too pretty for bruises" Krystal pouted, the alcohol beginning to hit her.

"He deserved it" Billy mumbled.

"He didn't do anything wrong" Krystal shrugged.

"He hurt you. He sucks" Billy frowned.

"He shouldn't have been able to" She grumbled, kicking a nearby rock, and almost tripping over her own feet as did so.

"You shouldn't ignore Max," Billy told her, as she stopped in her tracks.

"I...I don't...it's not like that" Krystal stuttered.

"You're scared about opening up to someone else. It's obvious" Billy explained.

"It's not obvious to anyone else" Krystal pointed out.

"Yeah well...I kind of get it" Billy mumbled, as she gave him a strange look.

"You're almost nice when your drunk...it's...odd" Krystal informed him.

"Pft, I'm not nice" Billy shook his head.

"Don't worry, it can be our little secret...shh" Krystal giggled, putting her finger to her lips.

It was almost an hour later when they finally arrived back home.

Both the teenagers were exhausted and couldn't wait to get into their beds, but they knew they couldn't go through the front door. If Billy's dad heard them coming home at two in the morning, they'd both be in trouble, but Billy would be the one with bruises on his face. Luckily, Krystal had left her bedroom window open, so they sneaked around to the back of the house. She pushed up her small window as high as it would go and tried to push herself up. However, in her half-drunk state, she didn't have the coordination to walk in a straight line, let alone push herself through a window. With a roll of his eyes, Billy grabbed her waist, as she let out a cry and tried to bat his hands away.

"I'm just trying to help" He stated, as he tried to push her up.

With his assistance, she was able to haul half her body through the open window, but the moment he let go of her, she fell inside with a large bang. Billy's eyes grew wide, as he quickly jumped up and crawled through the window, finding Krystal on her back.

"Hey, are you okay?" Billy whispered as he crouched down beside her.

She nodded, as he held out his hand and helped pull her up. As Krystal rubbed her sore head, Billy prayed that no one had heard the loud sound. After a few seconds, he guessed they were safe, as Krystal dropped her head onto his shoulder.

"I'm sleepy" She mumbled.

"You can't sleep on me" Billy insisted.

"Why not? You're comfy" She argued, childishly.

With a shake of his head, he placed his left arm around her back and his other arm underneath her thigh. Billy picked her up with ease, as her head lolled against his chest. He placed her down on the bed and realised that she needed to take her costume off. He guessed Max had covered for the pair, otherwise, his dad would still be up and waiting to ask him why he had gone to a party and not looked after his little sister. Billy made quick work on unzipping Krystal's boots, pulling them down her smooth legs.

"Krystal. I need to take your corset off" Billy whispered, as he helped her into a sitting position.

"Okie dokie" She smiled, trustingly, as she began to try to untie the corset.

Billy couldn't help but laugh as Krystal fumbled with the strings, clearly having a hard time seeing what she was doing. Brushing her hands away, he quickly untied the black string, which was difficult as he was trying his hardest not to stare at her chest. Once he was done, she pulled the corset away, having a simple white shirt on underneath, much to Billy's relief.

"We need to take your makeup off too. It's all smudged" He told her.

There are some wipes on top of my drawers" She yawned, as he leaned over and grabbed them.

It didn't take him long to realise he would have to do it, as when Krystal tried to wipe her makeup off, she missed her face completely. With a sigh, he started to wipe away her smudged makeup, realising he had never seen her without any makeup on. He frowned when he noticed a white line across her cheek that looked like a scar.

"When did this happen?" He queried, brushing the scar with his thumb.

He shook his head fondly when he realised that she had fallen asleep, only sitting upright due to his other hand holding her up. Deciding he had done enough, he helped lower her back down. Sitting up from her bed, he walked towards the door, but stopped as he reached out for the knob. He looked over to her open window, and the duvet that was crumpled at the bottom of her bed. With a sigh, he quietly shut the window, returning to her bed and pulling the covers over her, to stop her from getting cold.

"Night Krystal" He whispered, as he turned around

"Night Billy" She mumbled, sleepily, as Billy's lips twitched into a smile.

Author's Notes: I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! Over 3,000 words from me? Crazy, haha. I didn't like a lot of scenes in this chapter, so I thought I'd make it extra long. Hopefully, Billy doesn't seem too OOC. Please leave a review:)

teenwolfismylife101: Thank you for the review:) I hope you like Billy and Steve's fight, haha.

Guest: Aw, thank you! It looks like Krystal is starting to get through Billy's armour and see he's not so bad...maybe even sweet, haha.

Guest: Thanks for the review:)

Runaway Fantasy Princess: Thank you:) I'm glad you're liking this story!

5. Hangovers and Swimming

Krystal's eyes fluttered open, as her head began to pound from all the alcohol she had drunk early that morning. She brought her arm up to cover her eyes from the glare of the sun and began to recall the events of the party. Billy meeting Steve, her awkward love confession to him and then...things got blurry at that point. She looked down and saw that most of her costume had been removed, just leaving her in a white shirt and red skirt. She rolled out of bed and frowned when she looked in the mirror and found even her makeup had been removed. Krystal was distracted when she registered how dry her throat was and slowly stumbled towards the door, finding her vision was still blurry. As she quietly made her way into the kitchen, she saw it had just gone eight in the morning...which mean she was going to be late for school.

"Shit" She mumbled, knowing she could get in trouble as she had already missed a few lessons since she went back to school.

"You look terrible" A voice announced, as Krystal grabbed a glass from the cupboard.

She turned around and found it was only Max, much to her relief. Krystal knew it was true. Less than six hours ago she had still been drinking, meaning the alcohol was still most definitely in her system.

"I feel terrible" Krystal grumbled, filling up the glass with water.

"Where did you go last night?" Max inquired, seeing how far she could get with talking to her sister.

"High school party" Krystal replied, as she proceeded to down the entire glass in a matter of seconds.

"Oh...did you have fun?" Max queried.

"Take some advice from someone older...don't drink, Max. Just don't" Krystal groaned, as she flopped down on a seat at the kitchen table.

"Well, I covered for you last night. I told mum that we got in early

and you went to bed because you weren't feeling well" Max explained.

"And she fell for it?" Krystal raised an eyebrow, as Max nodded.

"Did you have a good night?" Krystal asked, rubbing her eyes.

"It started well, but I came back early" Max shrugged.

"How come?" Krystal inquired.

"The boys I was with were weird," Max told her.

"Boys are like that" Krystal yawned, as she dropped her head onto the table, feeling exhausted.

"You know this is probably the most you've said to me in years" Max couldn't help but say.

"I'm a chatty drunk" Krystal mumbled; her voice muffled by the table.

Krystal was already beginning to fall asleep when she heard a noise from behind her and suddenly a voice boomed near her ear.

"Wakey, wakey sunshine" Billy shouted, as she shoved him back.

"Ugh, not so loud" Krystal pouted, as Billy grinned at her smugly.

"When did you get in last night?" Max frowned, having expected Billy to stay over at some girl's house.

"I'm surprised you don't know...didn't you hear her falling on her ass this morning?" Billy stated as he put some toast on.

"Wait...you went to the same party?" Max questioned.

"And I completely regret it" Krystal stated, sitting upright and resting her face on her hands.

"How are you not as hungover as I am?" Krystal grumbled, seeing how awake Billy seemed.

"Because I'm not a lightweight" Billy teased.

"You came back together too?" Max inquired.

"We got kicked out" Billy shrugged, as his toast popped up.

"Wait, what-" Krystal was cut off as Billy shoved a piece of toast in her mouth.

"You need to sober up before my dad wakes up" Billy informed her, as she rolled her eyes but began to take a bite.

"Mum and Neil had a fight last night. He went to work early" Max announced, as Krystal could see Billy's shoulders sag in relief.

"What were they arguing about?" Krystal asked.

"I don't know" Max shrugged, as she picked up her backpack.

"Well, I'm going to school. Maybe you should drink more often... you're much more fun" Max told her.

"Yeah, and less of a bitch" Billy mumbled, as Krystal kicked him in the shin.

Max let out a small laugh as she walked towards the door, turning around as she saw Billy had turned the radio on at full blast, much to Krystal's annoyance. As she closed the door, she saw her sister jumping up to try to reach the radio which Billy was holding above her head. It was weird seeing them getting on so well, but a good weird, Max decided.

"So, why did we get chunked out of Tina's party?" Krystal inquired, once she had finally grabbed the radio from Billy.

"We broke some vase of hers" Billy shrugged, taking a bite of his own toast.

"We?" Krystal retorted, raising an eyebrow.

"I threw it at Harrington's head" Billy clarified.

"What?!" Krystal gaped.

"You really don't remember?" Billy scoffed.

"No! Why were you fighting?" Krystal frowned.

"I don't need an excuse to beat up a prick like that" Billy told her, deciding not to mention it was because of her.

"He's gonna hate me now" Krystal groaned, banging her head against the wall, comically.

"Jesus, you really do have it bad for King Steve, don't you?" Billy teased, as her eyes widened.

"Oh yeah...I know about that. How you told him you loved him, and he flat out rejected you" Billy went on, when she didn't reply.

"Ugh, I'm never getting drunk again" She pouted, as she flopped down dramatically on the couch.

"Don't worry, you didn't blurt it out to the whole party. Just to me" Billy informed her, as he joined her on the couch.

He lifted her legs up and sat down near her, laying her legs over his lap. It seemed an innocent enough gesture, but Krystal suddenly became aware of the fact that she was only wearing a short red skirt. And for some reason Billy still had his hands holding onto her legs.

"If you tell anyone-" She began, but he cut her off.

"I'm dead?" Billy suggested.

"You guessed it," She said, giving him a mocking smile.

"Aren't you going into school today?" Billy questioned when Krystal laid her head on the arm of the couch.

"I'd rather not go in at all than late and drunk" Krystal scoffed.

"Well you better be out when my dad gets home later otherwise you'll end up with more bruises" Billy informed her, as he began tracing his finger over a large bruise on her shin.

He guessed she had got it from falling through her window early that morning. The dark bruise stood out against her pale skin, as he felt goosebumps begin to appear underneath his fingertips. It all started to feel far too intimate for Krystal, who pulled her legs away, twisting herself up into a sitting position.

"Are you going to school?" She inquired

"I think I better let things cool off. Tina looked ready to throw me out with the trash last night" Billy told her.

"Are you really scared of a seventeen-year-old girl?" Krystal teased.

"It's tactics. I'll turn up at school tomorrow, give her a bunch of flowers and be making out with her in the back of my car by third period" Billy explained.

"How romantic" Krystal scoffed.

"At least I'm not pining after a prick like Harrington" Billy retorted, feeling a sliver of guilt at his words when he saw hurt flash over her face.

Why the hell do I keep bringing it up, Billy groaned to himself. Instantly, Krystal's mask was back on, and for a moment Billy was worried she would go back to be her mute self. It was strange to think how in only a few days he had gone from hating her to actually having fun with her. He was brought out of his thoughts as she threw a pillow at his head, which he easily caught, thanks to his fast reflexes. Krystal began to zone out after that, as she stared at the photos around the living room. None were of Krystal. It's not like her mother would have any of her as she had seen so little of her in the past few years, but it still stung. She realised there was only one of Billy. He was on the beach, shirt off as per usual, and a surfboard under his arm. He looked begrudgingly happy as he stood next to Max who was in a colourful swimming costume. Billy must have really loved the beach, she thought to herself.

"Where's your surfboard?" She blurted out.

"Huh?" Billy frowned, confused.

"You had a surfboard when I came to California. You always had it with you" She went on.

"My mum gave it to me when I was younger" Billy admitted.

"Did it get left behind?" Krystal inquired, knowing they had to pack up very quickly.

"My dad broke it" Billy shrugged, dismissively.

Krystal cringed at the imagery of Billy's father destroying one of the only things he had to remember his mum by.

"Why'd he break it?" She couldn't help but push further.

"I told him I didn't want to come here. He got pissed, I answered back. My surfboard got snapped in half" Billy told her, as she bit her lip.

Krystal wondered if that was partly the reason why he had hated her so much when they first moved to Hawkins. She had screwed things up for Billy and her mother by turning up in California.

"Your dad is such a dick" Krystal grumbled, as Billy huffed out a laugh.

"I know" Billy stated, leaning forward so his arms were resting on his knees.

"You wanna' go for a drive?" Krystal questioned, as Billy turned towards her.

"Do you mean will I drive you somewhere?" Billy snorted.

"C'mon, I know a place. You'll like it. Promise" Krystal announced as she stood up from the couch, feeling dizzy suddenly.

"You really can't handle your drink, can you?" Billy chuckled, as he watched her sway.

"Rude....maybe I won't invite you along" Krystal huffed, as she walked away from the couch.

"Pft, how do you think you'll be getting there then?" Billy retorted.

"...With these!" Krystal exclaimed as she grabbed Billy's keys from her leather jacket on the back of the couch.

"Hey, come back here!" Billy yelled after her, laughing as he did so.

Billy turned to Krystal as she pointed in the direction of another dirt road and wondered where she was taking him. She had a mischievous smile on her face, as her hair fluttered past her cheeks in the wind. She looked so carefree, which was completely different from how she usually acted. But she wasn't the only one. Billy couldn't remember the last time he had laughed so much as he had the past few days. As he looked back at the road, he thought to himself how it wouldn't last. Krystal would sober up completely soon enough and stop talking to him. He didn't get close to people for a reason. People always let you down.

"Don't look so worried. I'm not leading you to the middle of nowhere just to kill you" Krystal told him, bringing him out of his thoughts.

"Well, that hadn't crossed my mind...until right now" Billy huffed, seeing the dirt trail was getting narrower.

Krystal rested her head on the car window, turning to look at Billy. Her attention was drawn to his eyelashes of all things. How was it possible for someone to have attractive eyelashes? Billy's lashes were long and dark, contrasting sharply to his deep blue eyes, that were currently looking back at her.

"What?" Billy inquired when he saw her staring.

"I'm sorry" Krystal announced.

"Huh?" Billy frowned, looking back to the road.

"That your dad broke your surfboard. If it wasn't for me, you guys wouldn't have had that argument" Krystal explained.

"Forget about it, I have" Billy shrugged.

"No, you haven't" Krystal retorted, knowing that was at least part of the reason why he had acted the way he had towards her.

Before Billy could reply, he had to press the brakes as he realised, they had come to the end of the dirt road. All that lay ahead of them were trees.

"You want to take me on a hike?" Billy guessed as Krystal opened her door, excitedly.

"You'll see" She grinned, as she hopped out of the car.

With a roll of his eyes, Billy began to follow her through the treeline, confused to why she had brought him there. After ten minutes, he was ready to head back, when Krystal ducked underneath a fallen tree and begun to rush forward. Billy followed her into a clearing, as it took his eyes a moment to adjust to the light pouring through the trees.

"So, not bad for some stupid hick town, huh?" Krystal smirked, as she saw his look of awe.

In front of them was a beautiful rushing waterfall, that spilt out into a large lake, with the clearest water Billy had ever seen. The lake was completely enclosed by trees on all sides, the bright green colours reflecting on the water's surface. There was a small boat lying near the edge of the lake, next to a wooden jetty that ran halfway into the lake.

"It might not be the beach, but this is the closest thing you're going to get in Hawkins" Krystal informed him.

"Why is there no one here?" Billy inquired, as the only sound he could hear was the rushing of the water.

"No one knows about it. Me and my dad used to go hiking when I was younger and one day we just stumbled into this place. We came here practically every day after school, and I'd help him build that jetty..." Krystal trailed off.

Billy could guess the reason why they never finished making the jetty from the sudden sad expression on Krystal's face. Billy's chest felt

warm at the fact that Krystal was sharing a secret location that only she and her father knew about. No one ever told him secrets. In fact, no one ever *really* talked to him.

"My mum took me to surfing competitions when I was younger. And even after she left, I kept surfing...I guess I didn't want to disappoint her if she came back...it's stupid" Billy shrugged.

"I stole my mum's makeup the day she left me with my dad. I used it for like five years. It was pretty gross by the end. We all do stupid things" Krystal admitted, with a giggle.

She was quickly distracted when Billy began stripping off his shirt, as she let her gaze over his chiselled chest. She felt a blush on her face when her eyes lingered on the dark trail of hair just above his jeans, as she looked away. Billy seemed to catch her looking and couldn't keep the smirk off his face.

"What are you doing?" She asked, her brain short-circuiting as he began to unbuckle his belt.

"I'm going for a swim. That's what we're here to do right?" Billy replied.

"We didn't bring bathing suits" Krystal pointed out, as he kicked off his shoes.

"I wasn't suggesting skinny dipping...unless you want to" He smirked, as she rolled her eyes.

"Are you just going to stand there and enjoy the show or take your clothes off?" Billy inquired, pulling the zipper of his jeans down.

As Billy shimmed out of his jeans, throwing them against a nearby log, he could practically feel Krystal checking him out. The morning was taking an interesting turn, he thought to himself with a smirk.

Krystal knew Billy was enjoying making her squirm, which was clear from the blush on her cheeks and the way she was staring. Deciding to give him a taste of his own medicine, she pulled her shirt over her head and saw the grin fall from his face. Billy's eyes widened as she pulled down her red skirt, leaving her in just her underwear as well.

She was far curvier than he had been expecting. Krystal's stomach and hips were rounder than most girls he had seen with their clothes off. His eyes lingered on her breasts, which were complemented by the red bra she wore. He decided there and then that he had a thing for curvy girls.

"My eyes are up here," She told him, seeing his gaze was firmly directed at her cleavage.

For once Billy couldn't think of a clever retort and decided to make his way into the lake. He needed something cold to stop the growing problem he had in his boxers.

"Jesus, it's cold" Billy hissed after he had half his body submerged in the water.

"Don't be so dramatic" Krystal rolled her eyes, as she swam out further.

"It's freezing" Billy insisted.

"Well, there is one way to warm up..." Krystal trailed off, with a smirk.

"Oh, yeah?" Billy flirted, as he swam near her.

His brain almost short-circuited a moment later, when he realised, he was flirting with his stepsister. Krystal, who was the whole reason he had to come to the town he hated and was a complete weirdo. Yet, he had enjoyed the past couple of days more than he had the whole past year of his life.

"Like this!" She exclaimed as she splashed him with water, completely soaking his hair.

"Oh, you gonna' pay for that" Billy announced, using both his arms to splash her.

"You're going to have to catch me first" Krystal giggled, as she swam further out into the lake.

Billy began to swim after her and quickly caught up with her due to

his more muscular frame. He grabbed her waist and pulled both of them underwater, as she twisted around, so they were facing each other. They were both laughing loudly as they burst through the surface, Billy's hands still around her waist. Krystal pulled her wet hair back, as it curled around her cheeks, which were beginning to hurt from smiling so much. Billy almost groaned inwardly, as he could no longer deny his attraction to her. She looked beautiful, the light reflecting off the water to illuminate her pale skin.

"You never told me how you got this last night," Billy told her, as he raised his hand to brush his thumb over the scar on her cheek.

"My foster mum" She shrugged, as he kept his hand there.

"She hit you a lot?" Billy guessed.

"Only when I breathed" Krystal joked, sadly.

Krystal began to feel embarrassed by the large scar, as she realised, she had no makeup on her face. She pulled away from Billy's hand, who looked confused.

"Did she do that the night before you came to California?" Billy pushed further.

"No...a month or two before. She usually hit me in places people wouldn't see in case social services turned up, but she got really pissed at me one night. And I answered back. Next thing I know she was throwing a glass at me...It missed but it shattered on the wall and a shard got stuck in my cheek. We had to go to the ER. Which only pissed her off more..." Krystal explained.

"Didn't your foster dad try to stop her?" Billy frowned.

"He didn't care. He barely even acknowledged that I was there" Krystal mumbled, rubbing the scar self-consciously.

"I know it's ugly, okay?" Krystal grumbled, seeing he was still looking at her cheek.

"No, that's not...it's not ugly, Krystal" Billy shook his head.

"That's easy for you to say, Mr Flawless" Krystal huffed, as Billy let out a small laugh.

He turned around so his back was to her and lifted his wet hair from his neck. Krystal frowned as she saw marks covering the back of his neck, some clearly more recent than others.

"My dad knew that cigarette burns wouldn't be easy to explain. So, he'd do it somewhere people wouldn't see" Billy explained.

"Oh..." Krystal mumbled as he turned back to her.

"You think I'm ugly?" Billy questioned.

"No" She shook her head.

"Well, I don't think your ugly either" Billy told her, as her lips twitched into a smile.

Author's Notes: I hope you all enjoyed this longer chapter! I always get worried that Billy will seem too OOC but I think if he had someone like Krystal in his life he would have acted differently to a degree. Please leave a review:)

Guest: Thank you for this review:) I hope you liked this chapter!

teenwolfismylife101: Steve/Billy fights are always entertaining, haha.

Alessandra12: Aw, thank you! I hope you liked this chapter:)

6. Roses

The two teenagers had only been home for just over ten minutes when they heard the door swing open, surprising them both. Billy instantly jumped up from the couch as he saw his father and Susan enter. Krystal stayed where she was, drying her hair with a towel, as she and Billy shared a worried look.

"What the hell are you two doing here?" Neil Hargrove questioned, slamming the front door shut, hard.

"I was just...we..." Billy stuttered, as his father marched towards him, an angry look on his face.

"It's not even been a week and your playing hooky, you ungrateful shit?" Neil growled, shoving his son roughly.

"It's my fault. I wasn't feeling well this morning and Billy offered to look after me" Krystal announced, standing up.

"Yeah, she...she was throwing up all morning" Billy added, looking uncharacteristically nervous.

"You look fine now" Neil stated, suspiciously.

"Yeah, I do feel better. I slept most of the morning" Krystal replied.

"My poor girl. You should have called me at work" Susan insisted, walking over to her daughter, and brushing some hair from her face.

"Like I said. I feel better now" Krystal retorted, flinching away from her touch.

"It's only 1 pm now, you've still got lessons. So, get going" Neil ordered Billy.

"But-" Billy began but stopped himself when Neil raised a finger near his face.

"Don't answer back, boy. Go" Neil told him, pointing towards the door.

"You should stay off school, Krystal. I can make you that soup you always liked as a child" Susan offered, as Billy walked over to pick up his denim jacket.

"I'm fine really. I shouldn't miss anymore school" Krystal explained, as she went to stand next to Billy.

"Go on then" Neil dismissed, as the pair quickly began to rush towards the front door.

"Bye honey..." Susan trailed off, as Krystal slammed the door shut before she could finish her sentence.

Neither of them said anything as they walked over to the car, still expecting Billy's father to come running out of the house and beat them both to a pulp. Billy let out an audible sigh of relief once he got into his car and shut the door.

"Jesus, I thought we were dead meat back there" Krystal mumbled.

"Shit, what were they doing back so early?" Billy questioned, as he placed his hands on the steering wheel.

"My mum finishes work about this time...I guess he's picking her up now" Krystal bit her lip, recognising Neil's controlling behaviour.

"Billy?" Krystal questioned when she saw Billy's hands were shaking on the steering wheel.

"I need to go to the store. Pick up some flowers for Tina" Billy announced, as he started the car and began reversing out of the driveway.

"Good choice" Krystal smirked, as Billy opened the car door and she saw the bouquet of roses in his hand.

"They cost \$35" Billy grumbled, as he threw the flowers into the backseat.

"Tina would accept nothing less. She always wants to be the centre of attention" Krystal explained, as she poured her purchases onto her

lap.

"You know you're only going to school, not the runway" Billy scoffed, as he saw all the makeup she had bought.

"I may have lost my popular girl status a long time ago, but I'm not about to commit social suicide by turning up to school with no makeup" Krystal retorted, as she began applying mascara.

"Speaking of which...what's our next step?" Billy inquired.

"Our next step?" Karmen frowned, especially at the word 'our'.

"To throw King Steve off his throne and put me there instead" Billy clarified.

"You know you could probably become King of the school without pushing Steve off his pedestal" Krystal explained.

"Now, where would be the fun in that?" Billy smirked, as Krystal shook her head, fondly.

"He plays basketball most days after school, you get on the team, win over all his jock buddies and you'll be halfway there" Krystal informed him.

"Piece of cake" Billy mumbled, as he pulled out a cigarette from his jean's pocket.

"Oh yeah, because you're so easy to get on with" Krystal scoffed.

"I've won you over, haven't I?" Billy suggested as he lit the cigarette.

"I still haven't decided" Krystal responded, playfully, as she put on a barely there layer of lipstick.

Billy turned the engine on, as he could see Krystal was done with her makeup. He raised the cigarette to his lips and took a puff, his heart still racing from almost getting caught by his father earlier. He imagined he would have ended up with more than a few bruises if Krystal hadn't stepped in.

"What?" Krystal inquired when she saw he was staring at her.

In response, Billy raised his hand to brush his thumb across her bottom lip, brushing away the thin layer of lipstick. Krystal frowned as he did the same to her upper lip and noticed how his eyes refused to meet her own.

"You don't need it...the lipstick..." Billy trailed off, as he pulled away and placed his hands on the steering wheel, as he pulled out of the parking space.

Krystal did her best to calm her reddening cheeks, as she tried to decipher his actions. How did he go from hating her to touching her so gently in a few days?

Krystal's mind was still on her strange encounter with Billy when the locker next to hers was ripped open, dragging her back to reality. She and Steve had managed to get lockers next to each other ever since they started high school, so she knew exactly who was hiding behind their locker.

"Steve?" She questioned, as she saw his bruised knuckles clenched on the locker door.

"Look, I'm sorry about last night. I know you and Billy fought but... holy shit..." Krystal trailed off, as Steve closed his locker door so she could see his face.

He was covered in numerous cuts and bruises, not to mention a black eye that was forming. He had an especially nasty cut on his forehead, that Krystal expected was from the vase Billy had hit him with.

"Yeah, you should have seen my mum's face this morning" Steve huffed.

"Jesus, Steve. I didn't realise he'd hurt you so bad. Are you okay?" Krystal inquired.

"Are you sure you care?" Steve retorted.

"I'm trying to apologise to you, asshole. Let me" Krystal insisted, as

Steve laughed, clutching his ribs as he did so.

"It's not as bad as it looks" Steve shrugged.

"Still, I'm sorry. I'll talk to Billy after school. Maybe even get him to apologise to you?" Krystal suggested.

"Yeah right" Steve scoffed.

"Okay, that probably won't be happen. In fact, it definitely won't" Krystal snorted, as Steve gave her an amused smile.

Meanwhile, Billy was on a mission of his own, as he leant against the locker next to Tina's, holding the roses close to his chest.

"Hey, beautiful" He greeted her, as she rolled her eyes in his direction.

"I know you're angry about last night but I'm here to make it up to you," Billy told her.

"With those cheap ass flowers? Please" Tina scoffed.

"C'mon, baby. I'll do anything...anything" Billy insisted, leaning in closer to her, his trademark grin on his lips.

"I'm going to have to pay for that vase out of my own allowance, Billy. That's like...three whole weeks!" Tina grumbled, as Billy inwardly groaned.

"Alright, I'm going to do something I don't usually do. Will you go on a date with me?" Billy asked as Tina frowned.

"I thought you said you don't do dating" Tina stated.

"I don't. That's how serious I am about you. C'mon, give me another chance" Billy went on, raising his arm above her head, so he could lean in even closer to her.

"Do I get to choose the date?" Tina smirked, as he nodded.

"You can pick me up at seven. We're going to the mall" Tina informed

him, as the grin dropped from his face.

"The mall?" Billy queried, an irritated tone to his voice.

"And your going to buy me whatever I want...a lot more than those stupid roses," Tina told him, raising an eyebrow.

"Whatever you want, beautiful" Billy responded, pressing a kiss to her lips.

He grabbed her hips and twisted them around, so he was pressing her against the lockers, as he deepened the kiss, which caused a happy moan to come from her lips. Billy pulled away smugly, as he saw her lust-filled gaze and knew he had her right where he wanted her.

"See you at seven" Billy smirked, as he turned and began to walk away, the roses still in his hand.

As he rounded the next corner, he wiped his lips against his sleeve, noting that she was a slobbery kisser. He really didn't want to have to take an airhead like Tina to the mall that night, but if it meant he had a little more power over the school, he was willing to do it. Billy stopped in his tracks, as he noticed Krystal at her locker...in deep conversation with Steve. He gritted his teeth as he saw Steve place his hand on Krystal's shoulder, who looked uncomfortable at the action and flinched away from him. Billy remembered how she had reacted the same way to her mother's touch earlier that day. For some reason, she never seemed to do that with him. Shaking his head, Billy continued to walk through the corridor, going unnoticed by the pair.

"Sorry, I just...I miss you" Steve admitted, as he took his hand away from Krystal's shoulder, noticing her uncomfortable expression.

"It's not my fault we're not friends anymore, Steve" Krystal sighed, shutting her own locker.

"I know. It's mine" Steve nodded.

"Why did you drop me after what happened to my dad? Did you just not want to be around the depressed girl? Did you not care?" Krystal blurted out.

"It's not like that, I swear! I wanted to be there for you...but I just couldn't" Steve exclaimed.

"Seriously? That's the best you've got" Krystal huffed.

"I didn't want to put you in danger, Krystal. I did this for you" Steve told her, giving his best puppy dog eyes.

"Wow...you did this for me?! Billy was right. You are a prick" Krystal mumbled, as she shoved past him.

Steve sighed as he watched her walk away, wishing he could tell her the real reason why he had avoided her. But he feared it would only make her hate him more.

Steve's day was going from bad to worse as Billy continued to complete thrash him at basketball. He was starting to think Krystal's stepbrother had some sort of vendetta against him.

"C'mon, King Steve. Is that the best you've got?" Billy mocked, as Steve kept the ball close to him, watching Billy's every move.

"Not really seeing as I can barely see out of my left eye" Steve gritted out, as Billy smirked.

"I've got to say Harrington, this whole look...I think it's an improvement" Billy stated, ushering to the bruises and cuts on Steve's face.

Without a second's thought, Steve rushed forward, hoping to catch Billy off guard, but he instead found himself with Billy behind him, with his arm going underneath his own to keep him in place.

"Would you just shut up and play the game?" Steve insisted as he tried to keep the ball out of Billy's hands.

"I am playing the game" Billy responded, enjoying the way he was making Steve sweat.

"Your lucky that I haven't told anyone you're the one who did this to my face...it'd get you expelled" Steve explained.

"And then you'd have to tell them how it happened at Tina's party, where there was underage drinking and God knows what...meaning you'll fall even further down the social ladder than you already have. No one likes a snitch" Billy explained.

"Jesus, why are you so obsessed with me, Hargrove?" Steve scoffed, twisting them around as Billy almost caught the ball.

"It's my stepsister that's obsessed with you. And you're going to stay away from her" Billy warned him.

"Really?" Steve scoffed.

"Really" Billy retorted, as he kicked Steve's legs out from under him, quicker than anyone could have seen, and began dribbling the ball away from him.

Steve looked up from where he was on his back and saw Billy get the ball through the net with ease. He flopped back against the floor, exhausted and fed up when a hand was suddenly thrust in his face. Steve looked up with a frown when he saw the hand belonged to Billy. Reluctantly, he accepted the hand as Billy pulled him up to face him, roughly.

"If I see you talking to Krystal again, you're going to regret it. Stay away" Billy ordered, as he shoved him back to the floor, hard.

Steve slowly sat upright, his muscles aching as he did so. He really didn't want to go for round two against Billy.

The game was over by the time Krystal entered the gym, as she noticed the courtside seats were far more full than usual. Once she spotted Billy, she could guess why. His broad, tanned chest was on show, his usual necklace hanging from his neck. Krystal unconsciously licked her lips, rubbing the back of her neck when she realised what she was doing. Billy's eyes met her own across the court, a grin growing on his face.

"Hey" He announced, as he walked towards her.

"Hey" She replied, a smile growing on her own face.

Her attention drifted as she noticed Steve walking past the pair, not sparing Krystal another glance.

"He hates me" Krystal mumbled, as Billy rolled his eyes.

"So? He's been treating you like shit for the last year, remember" Billy insisted, as she nodded.

"True...c'mon, we need to go pick up Max. We're already like twenty minutes late" Krystal stated.

"I've got to shower," Billy told her.

"Your dad's gonna be pissed if we get home late" Krystal pointed out, as Billy knew she was right.

"So, how'd things go with Tina?" Krystal inquired, as she followed him into the changing rooms.

"I've got a date with her tonight" Billy smirked, not thinking anything more needed to be said.

"A date? Already? Someone's keen" Krystal suggested.

"Jealous?" Billy replied, raising an eyebrow.

"I've already been Queen of this school once before...it's overrated" Krystal told him, not really answering the question.

"Well clearly you've still got some of your old moves. It's like you said she wants to feel the centre of attention...special. I made her think I really liked her by taking her on a date, which I never do" Billy explained, as he grabbed his duffel bag.

"Oh, so I'm going to be partly to blame when you break her little heart in a couple of weeks when she realises you don't give a shit?" Krystal guessed.

"Pretty much," Billy said, smugly, as he placed his bag over his shoulder.

"Are you not going to put a shirt on?" Krystal questioned.

"I don't want to deprive the high school girls of checking out the hottest guy at school," Billy told her, as she scoffed.

Krystal bit her lip as she saw the clock strike 6:30 pm and was thankful that her mother and Neil were still not home. She had found a note from them saying that they had gone to some sort of community meeting, as Neil was clearly trying to get in with the locals. Krystal wondered whether they'd be able to see through his innocent exterior and see the monster underneath. The reason why she was thankful they were still out was because Max had still not arrived home. When she was nowhere to be seen when Krystal and Billy went to pick her up, they had guessed she had already skated home. Krystal had immediately grown concerned when they found Max wasn't home either.

"She'll be fine" Billy announced, as Krystal turned around on the couch to look at him.

Her response died in her mouth, as she looked at what he was wearing. She could tell he must have used half a can of hairspray to get his hair to curl so perfectly. His jeans looked even tighter than usual, not to mention his red shirt was barely buttoned. Realising that she hadn't said anything, she blurted out the first thing that came to mind.

"It smells like you've been marinated in cologne" Krystal teased.

"The ladies love it" Billy shrugged.

"I'm a lady, Billy" Krystal pointed out.

"And you definitely love it" Billy grinned, as he approached her.

"So where is this amazing date going to take place? Paris maybe?" Krystal inquired, as Billy placed his hands on the back of the couch, on either side of her arms.

"The mall" Billy answered, with a sigh.

"Seriously? She is going to make you her bitch" Krystal laughed, loudly.

"I doubt that. I'm going to rock her world so hard tonight that she'll never even look at another guy again" Billy smirked.

"You better be careful walking out the front door...I don't think your head's going to fit" Krystal scoffed.

"Don't wait up" Billy stated, pushing himself away from the couch.

"She'll turn up, Krystal. She's probably just out with friends or something" Billy told her, as he stopped at the door.

"Yeah" Krystal nodded, gratefully.

It was just before nine when the front door finally opened to reveal Max, as Krystal was instantly on her feet. She crossed her arms and gave her sister an unimpressed look.

"I know, I know. I should have told you I was staying out-" Max begun, as Krystal cut her off.

"You know what this is, Max? It's a phone...people use it so their sisters don't spend the whole night worried!" Krystal exclaimed as she walked over to their landline.

"I just lost track of time" Max shrugged.

"That's not an excuse. What if something had happened to you?" Krystal pointed out.

"I'm not a little kid, Krystal. I can look after myself" Max rolled her eyes.

"You're thirteen, so no actually, you're still a kid" Krystal insisted.

"Does mom know I was missing?" Max inquired.

"No...she went out with Neil" Krystal answered.

"Figures" Max huffed.

"Who were you out with?" Krystal asked.

"Friends" Max mumbled.

"Jesus, you really are a teenager now, huh?" Krystal sighed.

"You were out all night yesterday; I didn't make a big fuss over that" Max stated.

"That's because I'm your older sister. Emphasis on the older" Krystal retorted.

"You know what, I take back what I said this morning. I miss when you were a mute" Max rolled her eyes.

"Max, I'm not trying to start a fight, but it's not safe to be out at this time of night. Hawkins is a dangerous place" Krystal explained.

"It's no more dangerous than California. Mom used to let me stay out late there" Max shrugged.

"No more dangerous? What about what happened to that Byers kid last year? Or my dad!" Krystal insisted.

"I know more about what happened to Will than you do...and your dad committed suicide, Krystal. I'm not about to blow my brains out, so no danger there" Max exclaimed, her eyes widening when she had finished.

Max cringed as she saw the hurt flash over Krystal's face before she instantly put her mask back on. Krystal turned on her heel and stormed towards her room, slamming the door shut so hard, Max was amazed it stayed on its hinges.

Late that night, Krystal was drinking from one of the bottles of vodka she knew Billy hid in his room, when the boy in question barged into her room, a grin on his face. Krystal flinched at the loud sound, looking away from Billy, as she placed the bottle back to her lips. Luckily, Neil and her mother were still not home, which Billy seemed to be aware of.

"I'm guessing the date went well" Krystal mumbled.

"She's not a great kisser, but her ass-" Billy began, but she cut him off.

"Woah, woah. Too much information" She complained as she felt the bed sink, as he sat next to her.

"What's up with you?" Billy inquired, noticing her red rimmed eyes.

"Nothing" Krystal shrugged.

"Did Max come home?" Billy queried.

"Yep," Krystal replied, as she took another swig of the drink.

"Hey, stop that. You're gonna' be hangover again tomorrow at this rate" Billy warned her, taking the bottle from her hand.

"Didn't you say I was less of a bitch drunk? And Max seems to like me more when I'm drunk too" Krystal sighed.

"Did that little shit say something to you?" Billy guessed.

"Don't call her that, Billy. She's just a kid. Doesn't know what she's saying" Krystal insisted, as Billy decided to drop it.

"C'mon, cheer up. If I become King of the school, I can probably get you reinstated as Queen" Billy said, nudging her.

"I don't care about that anymore" Krystal mumbled.

"Bullshit. Queen Krystal has a good ring to it, right?" Billy grinned, as Krystal shook her head, fondly.

"Maybe" She shrugged, as Billy suddenly placed something in her lap.

It was the roses that he had bought this morning. Krystal turned to look at him with a frown, confused as to why he was giving them to her.

"Tina didn't want them. And I kind of owe you for this morning" Billy exclaimed.

"You're being nice again...are you feeling okay?" Krystal teased, as Billy rolled his eyes.

"Well, I can take them back if you don't want them-" Billy suggested,

placing his hand on the bouquet once more.

"No! No, I like them...thanks" Krystal smiled, grabbing his hand to stop him from taking them away.

Billy nodded in response, as he looked down at their hands, seeing that she still wasn't taking her hand away. Krystal felt a strange spark the moment she touched his hand and couldn't help but wonder if he had felt it too. She let go of his hand a moment later, as he quickly pushed himself up from her bed and left the room with an awkward expression. Krystal looked down to the roses that were still on her lap, with a genuine smile on her face. Maybe he wasn't so much of an asshole.

Author's Notes: I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! This was a super long chapter, but I'm starting my new job next week, so expect all my stories to have shorter and more sporadic chapters from now on. Billy's darker side is going to be coming out more in the next few chapters, which means angst, of course. Please leave a review:)

Runaway Fantasy Princess: Aw, thank you! Glad you're liking it:)

Alessandra12: Thank you:) I hope you liked this chapter!

7. The Truth About Benny

Krystal had woken up late with the beginning of a hangover just like Billy had warned her. She decided to skip breakfast, only brushing her teeth and rushing to put her clothes on. She knew that Billy would soon enough be banging on her door to hurry up. However, just as she was pulling her jeans over her hips, the door was ripped open, making her jump. Billy was standing in the doorway, his mouth open as if he was about to say something. Whatever it was must have died in his mouth the moment he saw Krystal standing there in only jeans and a bra. It reminded her of when she had taken him to the lake.

"Billy, what the hell?" She cried, as she grabbed her shirt and held it over her chest, where his eyes had been gazing for the last few seconds.

"I...uh, I didn't see anything. Not that there's nothing to see, because there is...not that I was looking..." Billy stuttered as Krystal gave him an amused look.

"Just hurry up, alright?" Billy exclaimed, as he turned on his heel and rushed out of the room.

"Close the door, asshole!" Krystal yelled, seeing as it was still left wide open.

Krystal rolled her eyes as he didn't turn around and only held his middle finger up in response. She slammed it shut, shaking her head as she did so. Krystal bit her lip as she thought about Billy's flustered reaction and decided it was a good look for him.

Billy's day had gone from bad to worse. First of all, he had his awkward encounter in the morning when he had burst on Krystal getting changed. He had been in desperate need of a cold shower but knew he couldn't be late for school again or his dad would kill him. The incident was followed by an even more awkward ride to school, as Billy, Krystal and Max all avoided looking at each other in the eye. The stepsiblings were all pissed. Billy had decided to relieve some of

his frustration in the first period when he had dragged Tina to his car. The girl had been more than willing to have sex in his backseat, but things didn't go as planned. Billy had spent the rest of the morning searching for his angry lover, but she seemed to avoid him. Billy knew he needed to find Krystal before Tina did, or all hell could break loose. Much to his annoyance, Krystal had also disappeared. Not knowing who else to turn to, he made his way over to Hawkins Middle School and quickly spotted Max in the car park. She was skating and seemed to have picked up an admirer in a boy who looked to be the same age.

"Max!" Billy called over to her, as she jumped in shock and fell off her skateboard.

"Ow..." Max trailed off, as she pushed herself into a sitting position, rubbing her back.

"Shit, are you okay?" The boy asked as he crouched beside her.

"Yeah. I'm fine" Max nodded, as the boy held his hand out to her, which she gladly took.

"That was clumsy of you" Billy suggested, as he came to stop in front of the pair.

"What are you doing here?" Max frowned, as the boy pulled her upright.

"Looking for your sister...who's this?" Billy inquired, looking at the young boy up and down.

"Uh...I'm Lucas" The boy mumbled; his eyes wide.

"Well, Lucas. This is a family matter. So scram" Billy insisted, crossing his arms.

Lucas gulped under Billy's intense gaze, sparing a quick look at Max, before doing as he was told.

"Why was he talking to you?" Billy inquired.

"It was just about a stupid class assignment" Max replied, avoiding

looking him in the eye.

"It better have been. Now, are you gonna' tell me where your sister is?" Billy insisted.

"I don't know" Max shrugged, as Billy rolled his neck, starting to get annoyed.

"I think she's playing hooky again, so where would she go?" Billy went on.

"Like I said, I don't know. We're not exactly close" Max scoffed.

Billy groaned at Max's unhelpfulness, it was too suspicious that Tina and Krystal had disappeared at the same time. He needed to get in front of any rumours.

"It is close to the anniversary..." Max trailed off, with a thoughtful look.

"What do you mean?" Billy frowned.

"The anniversary of her dad's death. It's in a few days. She might have gone to his diner" Max explained.

"Isn't that place shut down?" Billy stated.

"Krystal kept all of her dad's tools...maybe she's going to break-in? I can't think of anywhere else she'd want to go" Max went on, as Billy nodded.

"See? Was that so hard?" Billy mocked, as Max rolled her eyes, in a way that reminded him of Krystal.

"Why do you want to find her so bad?" Max couldn't help but ask.

"It's nothing for you to worry about, Maxine" Billy exclaimed, as he went to turn around.

"Bullshit" Max murmured, almost quiet enough that Billy didn't hear.

"What did you say?" Billy questioned, whipping his head back

around.

"I'm not as blind as you think, that's all" Max shrugged.

"And what the hell is that supposed to mean?" Billy inquired, taking a step forward so that he could loom over her.

"I know you went into her bedroom last night...and you didn't come out for a while" Max went on, as Billy gritted his teeth.

"Nothing happened" Billy scoffed, not sure why he was so bothered.

"Then what were you doing?" Max insisted.

"Nothing! We were just...I don't know, talking..." Billy trailed off, irritated.

"Talking? Jesus, do you have a crush on her or something?" Max blurted out, her eyes going wide when she realised what she had said.

Billy shared her expression for a split second, before his face morphed into anger. He shoved her roughly, as Max fell onto her back again, catching the edge of her arm on her skateboard. She bit her lip to stop herself from crying, not wanting to give her stepbrother the satisfaction.

"You keep your goddamn mouth shut in future" Billy warned her, as he turned to storm off, ignoring the looks from the middle schoolers around him.

Billy's anger dissipated the further away from the scene he got, as guilt began to seep into him instead. He knew he should have checked that Max was okay, he should have realised how much stronger than her he was. Not to mention he had done it in the middle of a school park, where plenty of kids had seen. He'd been lucky if social workers weren't turning up at his house by the end of the week. Maybe that wouldn't be such a bad thing, he thought to himself. Why had he seen red so much when Max brought up the idea of Billy liking Krystal? It was crazy...right?

He was distracted when he spotted one of the girls he had been

searching for. Tina was smoking around the back of the middle school, an angry look on her face, which became furious when she saw him.

"Leave me alone, Billy" She exclaimed, throwing her cigarette on the ground.

"Look, we need to talk about what happened this morning" Billy announced.

"Maybe you do, but I don't-" Tina began, but he cut her off by grabbing her arm.

"You can't tell anyone about what happened" Billy insisted, as she pulled her arm away from his grasp.

"How stupid do you think I am? Of course, I won't! Why would I tell anyone that while I was having sex with a guy, he called out another girl's name?" Tina scoffed.

"Not so loud!" Billy hissed, looking around them.

"Your secret's safe with me, okay? No one's going to find out you want to fuck Krystal from my lips" Tina mocked, enjoying the way she could make him squirm.

"That's not what...I just got distracted, alright?" Billy retorted.

"I seriously don't care. Just stay out of my way...freak!" Tina exclaimed as she shoved past him.

Billy grimaced at the name, thinking of how he had called Krystal a freak on numerous occasions. Maybe Tina was right...maybe he was a freak. Maybe they both were, Billy thought to himself.

"That's not going to work, you know!" Billy announced as he saw Krystal outside her father's diner, attempting to pick the lock on the front door.

"Jesus, Billy! You almost gave me a heart attack" She complained, having jumped out of her skin at the sound of his voice.

"They've probably reinforced the lock. Don't want any weirdo's trying to break in to gawk at the place" Billy explained, as he approached her.

"Then what do you suggest?" Krystal questioned, as Billy looked around their surroundings.

Billy saw a large rock near the bottom of one of the windows and picked it up, manoeuvring it in his palm. He then pulled his arm back and threw it through one of the diner windows, which shattered with a large bang.

"Okay, that'll work" Krystal nodded, a slightly impressed look on her face.

"C'mon, we better quick. They might still be patrolling around here, and I left my car just down the road" Billy explained.

"You can leave now. I'm fine" Krystal told him, taking off her jacket, which Billy expected was one of her father's.

She balled the jacket around her hand and used it to push any remaining glass out of the window frame. She turned around and raised an eyebrow when she saw Billy was still standing there.

"It's this or geometry" Billy shrugged, taking off his own denim jacket and placing it on the bottom of the doorframe so that they didn't cut themselves as they crawled through.

"Wow...this place is a shit hole" Billy murmured, as he climbed down from the window and into the diner.

The whole place was covered in dust and seemed to be falling apart. A part of the ceiling seemed to have caved in, as there was now a steady stream of water dripping on the floor. Some of the lights had fallen from the ceiling, leaving the diner covered in darkness. It looked like the perfect location for a horror movie.

"Well jeez, Billy, don't be afraid to say what you really think" Krystal teased, making him snigger lightly.

"How'd you know I was here?" Krystal inquired, a moment later, as

she made her way over to the large counter.

"Max told me" He shrugged, following her.

"How'd your little rendezvous with Tina go this morning?" Krystal asked, as she hopped over the counter.

Billy was momentarily distracted by Krystal's ass, as she crawled onto all fours, before jumping down. He ran a hand through his hair, as he tried to get his brain to catch up to what she had been saying.

"You been spying on me again?" Billy suggested, climbing over the counter as well.

"You wish" Krystal scoffed, as she shoved open the kitchen door, which had grown stiff overtime.

"Are you looking for something?" Billy realised as Krystal began opening the drawers.

"A picture" Krystal stated, as she crouched down to check the lower drawers.

Once again Billy's eyes landed firmly on her ass, wondering if she had any idea how she was making him feel. Letting out a triumphant noise, she pulled something from the lowest drawer, and held it out. Billy wandered over as she stood back up, and he saw it was a picture of her with her dad. Benny was wearing a dirty looking apron, a spatula in one hand, with his other arm around his daughter. Krystal looked a little younger, her cheeks were less defined and her body a little skinnier.

"When was this taken?" Billy inquired, taking the picture into his own hands.

"My 15th birthday. My dad's cook called in sick to work, so he had to go in and I wanted to still spend the day with him. It was a very greasy birthday" Krystal chuckled at the memory.

"You look happy" Billy mumbled, as he turned to look at her.

The young girl in the picture didn't have the haunted eyes that Billy

had come to associate Krystal with. It was clear his stepsister was haunted by something.

"I haven't been back here since...I didn't realise the place had gone to hell so bad" Krystal exclaimed, as she looked around.

"Can't this place get sold, get you some cash?" Billy suggested as Krystal shook her head.

"The police still say it's an active crime scene..." Krystal trailed off, as they heard a rattling from behind them.

The two teenagers cautiously began to approach the sink where the noise was coming from. Krystal slowly bent down and ripped the cupboard door open underneath the sink, as a large rat scurried away, making her squeal in fright.

"Ew!" She cried as she and Billy took a step back.

Billy grimaced as the rat ran out of the kitchen, when he suddenly registered Krystal's hand gripping onto his arm, which he had placed protectively in front of her. Since when did he instinctively want to protect her?

"I guess it's definitely an active scene for rats" Krystal stated, as Billy once again huffed out a laugh, surprising her a little.

"C'mon, we better go..." Billy trailed off, as he opened the kitchen door.

From the different angle, he realised he hadn't seen the blood on the floor earlier. The blood that he knew must have belonged to Krystal's father. She came to a halt beside him, noticing the speckles of blood near the door and the barely cleaned up puddle of blood not far away. Billy could feel her stiffen beside him, as tears began to well in her eyes. She quickly banished the tears, taking a deep breath and turned back around. He watched as she picked up a bucket from the floor and went over to the sink. Billy frowned as she filled the bucket up, grabbing a nearby rag and walked back over to him.

"What are you doing?" Billy questioned, dumbfounded.

"Cleaning it up" Krystal mumbled, walking past him and crouching on the ground.

Billy watched with a pained expression, as Krystal started trying to mop up her father's blood on the floor. It was going fine until she got to the puddle of blood, that no matter how hard she scrubbed, wouldn't budge.

"Krystal, it's not going to work" Billy sighed, as he kneeled beside her.

She shook her head, as she continued rubbing harder against the floor until she was practically just banging her hands against the surface.

"Krys!" Billy exclaimed as he placed his hand over hers, stopping her movements.

"It's my fault..." Krystal trailed off, her eyes still firmly on the blood in front of her.

"What do you mean?" Billy frowned, as she turned to him, as a tear fell down her cheek.

"My dad didn't commit suicide, Billy...He was murdered" She confessed, as he looked dumbfounded.

Flashback

"You know this is basically child labour, right?" Krystal rolled her eyes, as she continued scrubbing the dishes just as her father had asked her.

"I pay you well" Benny scoffed, looking at through the hatch behind the counter.

"You pay me in food" Krystal pouted.

"I'm teaching you life skills" Benny stated, as Krystal began muttering under her breath.

"What's this really about, honey?" Benny queried, knowing his daughter wasn't upset about having work.

"Steve blew me off...again" Krystal admitted, as Benny shook his head with annoyance.

"Do I need to have a word with this kid?" Benny suggested, making Krystal giggle.

"Dad, your about as scary as a teddy bear" Krystal pointed out.

"Well, no one hurts my little girl" Benny told her, reaching over and pinching her cheek.

"That's child abuse" Krystal informed him, earning a chuckle in response.

"How did I create such a smartass kid" Benny laughed, as he saw a customer was calling him over.

"Look, Steve's obsession with Nancy will blow over, alright? And then you two can be best friends and braid each other's hair again, or whatever teenagers do these days" Benny explained.

"Steve and I are actually apart of a gang. We specialise in assault and narcotics" Krystal replied, as Benny placed his hands over his ears.

"Not listening" Benny mumbled, walking away.

Krystal had been so distracted by her own laughter that she hadn't seen a small girl creep into the kitchen, grabbing a handful of fries. The girl had been too overzealous with her portions and ended up knocking the small fries' basket on the floor, alerting Krystal to her presence. Krystal let out a yelp as she spotted the young girl, who was wearing a hospital gown and had a buzzcut. She looked like a freak.

"Who the hell are you?" Krystal gaped, as the girl's eyes darted towards the door.

"Wait!" Krystal exclaimed as she rushed to the doorway before the girl could escape.

She backed away into a corner, hugging her arms close to her, as she seemed to think Krystal was about to attack her.

"Hey, it's okay. I'm not going to hurt you...and you're not going to hurt

me, right?" Krystal questioned, as the girl shook her head.

"Good. What are you doing here?" Krystal asked, seeing the girl's eyes looked towards the fries on the floor.

"You're hungry, huh?" Krystal suggested as the girl nodded furiously.

"You ever had chocolate pudding?" Krystal inquired, as the girl tilted her head.

"So...what's your name?" Krystal questioned, as she watched the young girl shovel the chocolate pudding into her mouth.

"Hey, careful. You eat too much of that and you're going to get sick" Krystal warned her, making the girl frown.

"You know...throw up?" Krystal went on, as she pretended to vomit, earning a small giggle from her new friend.

"I've got to ask. What's with the hair?" Krystal queried, ushering to the girl's buzzcut hair, who shrugged in response.

"Did someone hurt you?" Krystal asked, noticing her odd behaviour.

She was surprised when the girl shook her head, seemingly offended that Krystal would think so. The girl was a complete mystery. She could see her dad calling someone in the kitchen, and was about to walk over to him when she noticed a strange tattoo on the girl's wrist.

"Eleven...aren't you a little young for tattoos?" Krystal frowned, touching the girl's wrist, who flinched at the touch.

"Did someone force you to get that? What does it mean?" Krystal insisted, as the girl stopped eating and stared at her blankly.

"Alright, hold on a minute" Krystal announced, as she stood up and walked into the kitchen.

The girl was staring at her with interest when she came back, with a large tub in her hands.

"You tell me what that tattoo is for, and you get some ice cream" Krystal offered, opening the tub and showing her the contents.

"Eleven" The girl mumbled, pointing to herself.

"Your name's Eleven?" Krystal asked as the girl nodded.

"Okay...that's a bit of a weird name, but it actually kind of suits you. I'm Krystal" She smiled, as she pushed the tub over to Eleven.

"I'm just gonna' go speak to my dad, you enjoy that," Krystal told her, as she stood up.

"Papa?" Eleven questioned, pointing to Benny in the kitchen.

"Yeah...he's my Papa" Krystal nodded, a hint of pride in her voice.

"Friend?" Eleven asked, pointing to Krystal.

"Yeah, we're friends now" Krystal smiled.

She watched as Eleven then began tucking into the ice cream, a look of excitement on her face. Krystal walked into the kitchen and overheard the end of Benny's conversation on the phone, realising he had called social services.

"Dad, I don't know if that was a good idea" Krystal bit her lip, as he hung up the phone.

"They'll be able to help her. A lot better than we can" Benny suggested.

"What if they're who's she's run away from? What if she's a kid in care?" Krystal pointed out, as Benny frowned, clearly having not thought of it.

"Hey, don't worry. It'll be fine. We can go with her, make sure she's looked after, okay?" Benny told her, as she nodded.

"You really like that ice cream, huh?" Benny laughed when he saw Eleven had almost finished the whole tub.

Eleven grinned in response, making a smile grow on Krystal's own face.

She seemed to feel much more comfortable with the pair.

"Smile looks good on you," Benny told her, as Eleven frowned in confusion.

"You know, smile?" Benny clarified, as he raised his arms out and gave her a crazy grin.

"Oh, I think you mean a smile like this?" Krystal suggested as she stuck her fingers in her cheeks, giving Eleven a silly smile.

The girl giggled again as the father and daughter's stupid antics, but quickly cut herself off when there was a loud bang on the door. Krystal watched as the girl jumped and looked at her with fear.

"It's okay. You just sit tight, I'll tell whoever it is to go away" Benny announced, as he started to walk out of the kitchen.

"Wait, dad! We don't know what's going on with her, it could be dangerous" Krystal warned him, as she hurried after him.

"It'll be okay, honey" Benny insisted, as he ruffled his daughter's hair lightly.

"Just coming!" Benny called out, as the banging on the front door continued.

Krystal watched as her dad opened the door to a blonde woman, who introduced as herself as being from social services. Krystal frowned when she noticed how insistent she was on seeing Eleven, and started to get a bad feeling about the whole thing.

"Eleven, go into the back" Krystal whispered, as the girl nodded and walked towards the doorway.

"Come on up. I'll introduce you" Benny told the blonde, as he let her through the doorway.

"Thank you" She replied, looking around the restaurant.

"Sorry again about trying to turn you away back there" Benny apologised, as he made his way towards the kitchen.

"It's fine" The woman shook her head, as Krystal saw the woman's hands go to her bag.

"You know, it's funny. Your voice sounds different on the-" Benny began but was cut off by Krystal's scream.

"Dad!" Krystal cried when she saw the woman pull a gun out of her bag.

Benny didn't even have the time to turn around to face her, as the blonde raised the gun and shot him. Krystal let out a bloodcurdling scream as she saw her father fall to the floor. Eleven quickly began to run into the back, clearly realising how bad things were about to get.

"Dad?!" Krystal whimpered, seeing where his body had fallen, from where she was standing in the doorway.

There was blood pouring from his head, already forming a puddle on the floor. He was dead. Krystal turned towards the blonde who had now turned to raise the gun at her. Krystal ducked just in time as a bullet ricocheted off the back wall. She grabbed a knife from on top of the counter and hid behind it. She peaked out from where she was hiding and came almost face to face with her father's dead body. His eyes were still open, staring into nothingness. Krystal turned back away, feeling tears welling in her eyes. She watched as the blonde stepped over her father's body like he was no more than trash. Letting out a yell, she sliced the back of the woman's ankle, who let out a loud scream. Krystal then dashed forward to hide under a nearby metal table as the woman took another shot at her. As soon as the blonde came into view, Krystal threw the metal knife at her, watching as it pierced her stomach. The woman let out a pained gasp, as she dropped the gun from her hand. Krystal pushed herself from out of her hiding place and came to face the woman. She tugged the blade out of the blonde's stomach, and stabbed her again, this time in the chest. The woman suddenly went very still and fell onto her knees, the knife still encased in her chest. Giving her no other thought, Krystal rushed over to her father, as tears began to fall down her cheek.

"Dad..." Krystal whimpered, placing her hand on his shoulder and shook him.

"Wake up. Please, wake up" Krystal sobbed.

She heard a sound from outside and looked over the counter to see half a dozen cars had just arrived. Looking back down at her father, she knew she had to leave him.

"I'm sorry" Krystal cried, as she pushed herself onto her feet and started to run.

End of Flashback

"I should have saved him" Krystal sighed, after having recounted the memory to Billy.

At some point during her confession, they had moved back into the kitchen and were now sitting next to each other on the floor. Billy had been silent throughout Krystal's story, only raising his eyebrow at parts and looking sadder as she went on.

"Jesus, Krystal. I...I don't know what to say..." Billy trailed off.

"God, I shouldn't have told you. It's too dangerous to know" Krystal shook her head, pushing herself to her feet.

"No. You needed to tell someone. It was eating you up. Anyone could see that" Billy stated.

"Yeah, everyone except my mum" Krystal scoffed, sadly.

"Well, I don't think she thinks of much outside whether she needs to get her hair permed" Billy pointed out, as Krystal huffed out a laugh.

"You're wrong, you know," Billy told her, a moment later.

"About what?" Krystal frowned.

"It's not your fault" Billy insisted.

"I let that girl stay with us. I asked him to help her. I didn't stop him from opening that door when I knew it was dangerous-" Krystal ranted, as Billy stopped her by raising his hand out and placing it over her own.

"You were fifteen. There's nothing you could have done" Billy

exclaimed, rubbing his thumb over the back of her hand in a comforting gesture.

"You're being nice again" Krystal stated.

"I'll try not to make a habit of it" Billy smiled lightly, as he took his hand away, finding it felt too intimate.

Author's Notes: I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! Sorry that it took so long to update but life has been very busy recently. I hoped you enjoyed the flashbacks in this one and the characterisation. Please leave a review:)

finish-her: Aw, thank you so much! I'm so glad you're liking it:)

Lauraz95: Thank you so much:) That really means a lot to me, as that's always hard to do with fanfiction!

Guest: Aw, thank you! I hope you enjoyed this chapter too:)

teenwolfismylife101: You know you're doing well when you take inspiration from Teen Wolf, haha.

8. Everyone Lies

Krystal reluctantly agreed to leave the diner soon after, knowing how much trouble they would get in if Billy's father knew they had ditched school again. As the pair carefully crawled out of the broken window to get out, they felt like something had shifted in their relationship. Billy understood Krystal more and she realised that there was a lot more to him than she first thought.

"You called me Krys back there" Krystal announced, as they started to walk to Billy's car.

"I don't think so" Billy shook his head, taking his keys out of his pocket.

"Oh right, because you don't do nicknames, Romeo?" Krystal scoffed, as Billy laughed lightly.

"Whatever you say, sweetcheeks" Billy grinned at her, who shared his expression.

The smile slowly faded from Krystal's face as she noticed a car had slowed down behind them, almost travelling at the same speed that they were walking. Her eyes widened when she saw two men in black coats standing near Billy's car, staring straight at them. Krystal felt her heart drop when the car that had been following them suddenly turned to pull up in front of them.

"What the hell, man?!" Billy yelled angrily, kicking the car aggressively.

"Billy, we need to go" Krystal announced, grabbing his arm.

"What?" Billy frowned, seeing that two other men had seemingly appeared out of nowhere and were rushing up behind them.

Krystal took a step back when the car door opened to reveal another man, who must have been over six foot. They were surrounded.

"I think you two better come with us," The man told them, as Krystal gulped.

"Like hell we are" Billy spat out, pushing Krystal behind him, in a protective gesture.

Krystal was too distracted by the men approaching them from behind to think too much about this new protective side of Billy. Her mouth went dry from fear as she saw one of them had a gun underneath their long black coats. Her mind instantly flashed back to her father's dead body on the floor in his diner. She wasn't going to let anyone get hurt because of her.

"Billy, don't. Look, I'll come with you. Just leave him out of this" Krystal exclaimed, as Billy frowned at her.

"We have orders to bring you both in" One of the men behind them informed her.

"He doesn't know anything" Krystal insisted.

"That's not for us to decide. Now are you going to come with us...or are we going to have to use force?" The man from the car questioned, clearly becoming irritated with the situation.

Krystal reluctantly nodded and went to take a step forward, knowing that there was no way they were going to win the fight. Billy grabbed her hand, as she saw a flash of fear on his face.

"We can't just go with them! What if they..." Billy trailed off, not wanting to finish that sentence.

"I don't think we've got a choice" Krystal pointed out, squeezing his hand, as she pulled him along with her.

"Hey assholes! Let us out of here!" Billy yelled at the security camera; in the room, they were being held.

All that was inside the room were two chairs and a table, all the same grey colour as the painted walls of the room. It was disturbingly clinical. Krystal couldn't help but wonder if it was the room they were both going to die in.

"I know you pricks can hear me! Goddamn cowards!" Billy yelled,

kicking the chair nearest to him, as it tumbled over.

"Billy, stop antagonising them" Krystal groaned, from where she was resting her head on her hands.

"Have you met me?" Billy retorted as Krystal nodded thoughtfully, thinking about how he was probably the most antagonising person she had ever met.

"Fair point" Krystal mumbled, with an amused smile.

"How are you so calm about this?" Billy frowned, beginning to pace the room.

"If they were going to kill us they would have already...I think" Krystal suggested.

"Well now I feel so much better" Billy scoffed sarcastically.

"What was that all about earlier?" Billy inquired, a moment later, as Krystal frowned in confusion.

"You asked them to let me go" Billy clarified.

"I don't want anyone else's death on my conscience" Krystal explained.

"Benny wasn't your fault" Billy shook his head, coming to sit on the table.

"If I hadn't told him about Eleven, he'd still be alive. And if I hadn't told you about what happened to my dad, you wouldn't be here either" Krystal pointed out, sadly.

"This still beats geometry" Billy shrugged, as the pair burst out laughing.

"I'm sorry I dragged you into this, Billy" Krystal told him, as his laughter died out.

"I wouldn't have left you anyway even if they had let me" Billy admitted, as Krystal looked at him with surprise on her features.

"Why not?" Krystal asked as Billy looked away from her.

Just as he opened his mouth to answer, the door was swung open, making Billy jump off the table, ready to put up a fight. Krystal's jaw dropped open as none other than Steve Harrington was pushed through the doorway, followed by Nancy and Jonathan.

"Steve?!" Krystal and Billy exclaimed at the same time.

"What...what are you doing here?" Steve replied as the door was slammed behind them.

"I could ask you the same question" Krystal pointed out, crossing her arms.

"Steve...we're going to have to tell her" Nancy sighed, as Krystal's eyes snapped to hers.

"Tell me what?" Krystal queried.

"It's complicated," Steve told her, looking down at his shoes.

"Bullshit! Someone better tell me in the next ten seconds what is going on or I swear to God-" Karmen shouted angrily, as Steve cut her off.

"We know! We know what happened to your dad. We've always known" Steve confessed; guilt was written all over his face.

"What?" Krystal mumbled.

"Eleven. The girl who came to your diner. She's...she was friends with my little brother. She helped get Will back. We all knew her" Nancy explained.

"She told us what happened to your dad. How he was killed, who did it and why" Jonathan added.

"I swear I wanted to tell you so bad, it was eating me up inside. But they...these people said if we ever did, they'd hurt you! They'd hurt everyone we knew" Steve went on, as he could see tears had begun to well in Krystal's eyes.

"You knew...you knew all this time" Krystal muttered, feeling like her world had just come crashing down around her.

"It's true what I said. I did this to protect you" Steve insisted, taking a step forward.

"Did you never think that maybe she didn't need your goddamn protection?" Billy retorted, coming to stand beside Krystal.

"I had to deal with it all on my own. I had no one to turn to. I...I thought I was going crazy half the time! How could you keep that from me?!" Krystal cried as she shoved him roughly in the chest.

"I'm so sorry" Steve sighed, his own eyes watering.

"We didn't want to drag you into this" Nancy exclaimed.

"Well it's a little too late for that, don't you think?" Krystal spat out.

A moment later, the metal door swung open once again, revealing an older man wearing a white lab coat. He looked between the teenagers and seemed to be able to feel the tension in the room.

"Did I interrupt something?" He inquired.

"You can't keep us here. So kill us, or let us go" Krystal announced, glaring at him.

"Teenagers...so dramatic. You up for a little walk?" The man questioned, as Krystal raised an eyebrow at him.

"Who are you?" Billy asked, crossing his arms.

"Doctor Owens. C'mon now, don't you want to know what's happening here?" He suggested as the group began to reluctantly follow him.

"Men of science have made abundant mistakes of every kind. George Sarton said that. You guys know who George Sarton is? Doesn't really matter. The point is, mistakes have been made" Doctor Owens went on, walking them through a busy corridor.

"Mistakes?" Nancy scoffed.

"Yes" Doctor Owens nodded.

"You killed my dad, you bastard" Krystal spat out, balling her hands into fists.

Billy placed his hand over her arm to stop her from doing anything she'd regret. Krystal took a deep breath, doing everything she could to stop herself from killing the man in front of her.

"Abundant mistakes, but, the men involved with those mistakes, the ones responsible for what happened to Jonathan's brother, Miss Holland's death, and yes...your father, they're gone. And for better for worse, I'm the schmuck they brought in to make things better. But I can't make things better without your help" Doctor Owens explained, as the group surveyed the area.

They walked past numerous labs with dozens of scientists inside, all performing experiments. Not mention guards which were surrounding the different doorways as they were led further through the building.

"And why the hell would we help you?" Krystal exclaimed, angrily.

"She's tough, this one. You guys been together long?" Doctor Owens inquired, turning to Krystal and Billy.

Everyone in the group came to a halt at this comment, as Krystal and Billy tried to splutter out a response, their cheeks reddening. Jonathan's jaw dropped open, as he seemed to be the only one completely surprised by this suggestion.

"She's my stepsister" Billy retorted, refusing to meet Krystal's gaze.

"Oh...oh! Right...well, I suppose I'm in no position to judge" Doctor Owens muttered.

"We're not...that's not...stop trying to change the subject!" Krystal stuttered as Doctor Owens began walking again.

"Do you want to see what really killed your father and her friend?"

Doctor Owens inquired, pulling open a reinforced door, which seemed out of place in the building.

"Teddy, I brought you an audience today. I hope you don't mind" Doctor Owens announced, as the group followed him into the large room, with flashing consoles everywhere.

"The more the merrier, sir" A man, in a large silver suit agreed, as a helmet was placed over his head.

Krystal came to a halt when she saw what was on the other side of a large glass window. It was some sort of pulsing red opening, covered in what looked like vines. It was moving. Almost like it was alive. The room on the other side was covered in what appeared to be ash.

"I'd call it one hell of a mistake. Wouldn't you?" Doctor Owens stated, turning to the shocked teens.

"What is it?" Krystal asked.

"An opening. From our world to another. A much more dangerous world" Doctor Owens answered, making Krystal gulp.

"No...no way. This is crazy" Billy shook his head.

"This is where that girl came through? Eleven?" Krystal inquired.

"No. But she is connected to it. She could see into this other world. That's why she's so important" Doctor Owens went on, as the man in the suit walked into the other side of the room.

"See, the thing is, we can't seem to erase our mistake but we can stop it from spreading. It's like pulling weeds. But imagine for a moment if a foreign state...let's say, the Soviets. If they heard about our mistake do you think they would even consider that a mistake? What if they tried to replicate that? The more attention we bring to ourselves, the more people like the Hollands know the truth, the more likely that scenario becomes. You see why I have to stop the truth from spreading, too. Just, same as those weeds there. By whatever means necessary" Doctor Owens insisted, as the suited man began to burn the roots, which squealed in pain.

Krystal cringed in pain at the sound, her hand flying to her head. It was like it was one organism screaming. Billy looked at her with confusion, it was almost like Krystal could sense it's pain.

"It's alive" Krystal realised, looking at the scientist.

"Yes" Doctor Owens nodded.

"You're burning it alive," Krystal told him.

"They're weeds. Weeds don't feel pain" Doctor Owens shook his head.

"Well, Doctor...I've got a feeling you will be very soon," Krystal told him.

"Is that a threat?" Doctor Owens scoffed, looking to her.

"It's an observation. You're clearly dealing with something far out of your control. Aren't you worried?" Krystal exclaimed.

"About what?" Doctor Owens asked.

"That it's going to remember who burnt it" Krystal spat out, turning on her heel and storming out of the room.

"They're going to get away with everything" Krystal mumbled, once she and Billy were finally directed back to his car.

"We had to sign those documents, or they never would have let us out of that place" Billy pointed out.

"My dad wouldn't have signed it if I was the one buried" Krystal stated, as Billy started the car.

"Maybe not. But he wouldn't have wanted you to put yourself in danger...and you know it" Billy pointed out, as Krystal let out a loud sigh.

"God, I've been such an idiot. Everyone knew what happened to my dad. How could I have been so blind?" Krystal scoffed.

"Look, they're dicks. Forget about them" Billy insisted, his hands tightening on the wheel.

"Are you okay?" Krystal inquired, a moment later.

"Yeah...yeah, I'm fine" Billy nodded.

"You just found out that some other world exists where monster's come through and you're...fine?" Krystal exclaimed, raising an eyebrow at him.

"The world sucked before I found out about this and it still sucks. Not much difference really" Billy shrugged.

"I don't know about that...I've learnt some things" Krystal replied.

"Your dad's still dead" Billy mumbled, as Krystal nodded sadly.

"Well, I wasn't talking about that. I was talking about you" Krystal admitted, as Billy looked over to her, becoming distracted from his driving.

"Me?" Billy frowned.

"You're not the soulless asshole that I thought you were. Not one bit" Krystal told him, making Billy look away with a scowl.

"You really need to work on your compliments" Billy scoffed.

"I'm serious. I...I needed you today. And you were there for me, so... thanks" Krystal explained, as Billy kept his eyes on the road.

"Yeah" Billy nodded, his hands still tight on the wheel.

Krystal kept her gaze on him as she tried to figure out what was wrong. Billy seemed to be growing tenser the closer they were getting to home. She knew what it looked like for something to be eating away at someone.

"What are you doing?" Krystal inquired, noticing that Billy still hadn't got out of the car when they had been parked outside their house for

a while.

"I...I'm not coming in," Billy told her.

"Why not?" Krystal asked, becoming concerned.

"I didn't mean to..." Billy trailed off with a groan, not sure what he could say to make things better.

"What did you do?" Krystal questioned, a sick feeling growing in her stomach when Billy wouldn't answer.

Krystal quickly turned on her heel and unlocked the front door to the house, finding that nobody was inside. Or so she thought. Krystal frowned when she could see a small amount of light coming from underneath Max's door, while the rest of the house was covered in darkness. She cautiously made her way over to her sister's bedroom and knocked on the door.

"Max? You in there?" Krystal called out, hearing a rustling from inside.

"Is it just you?" A soft response came, making Krystal's frown deepen.

"Yeah, it's just me. Let me in?" Krystal asked, as the handle turned and the door slowly opened.

Krystal's eyes widened as she realised Max must have had her chair propped up against the door, so no one could get in. Something was very wrong.

"Are you okay?" Krystal exclaimed, as Max went to sit on her bed, her bottom lip wobbling.

"Hey, if this is about our argument...I'm over it, okay? No big deal" Krystal told her, sitting beside her.

She still got no response from Max, which worried her even more. It wasn't like Max to be so quiet.

"C'mon, I'm supposed to be the mute one in this family" Krystal insisted, as Max let out a small chuckle.

Krystal nudged her, as she always did, her eyes widening when Max let out a small cry. Krystal's mouth dropped open when she saw the large bruise covering Max's upper arm and touched it carefully.

"What happened?" Krystal exclaimed as Max looked away from her.

"Max, who did this to you?" Krystal cried.

"It's...it's my fault. I was teasing him and...he lashed out. I fell on my skateboard. He didn't hit me, or anything-" Max was cut off, by Krystal.

"Billy did this?" Krystal realised, with a horrified expression.

"I think he felt bad afterwards" Max mumbled, sadly.

"Stay here" Krystal told her, as she pushed herself up from the bed.

"Krystal, don't!" Max begged, watching as her sister stormed out of the room.

Krystal was a little surprised when she found Billy still in his car, hands on the wheel like he was desperate to get away. She could tell he noticed her marching over to him, but he wouldn't look her way.

"Get out of the car" Krystal announced, coming to a halt by the driver's side.

"Get out of the fucking car, Billy!" Krystal cried, banging on the roof.

Billy quickly did as he was told, but still refused to meet her eyes, looking nowhere but his shoes. Coward, Krystal thought to herself.

"You hurt her" She stated, watching Billy cringe at the words.

"I didn't mean to" He repeated his earlier words.

"You hurt my little sister. Her whole goddamn arm is bruised, Billy!" Krystal yelled.

"I...I'm sorry" Billy stuttered, reluctantly lifting his gaze to hers.

"God, you are just as bad as they are. Lying to me all day. What, were

you hoping she'd just keep it to herself?" Krystal cried.

"No...yes...I don't know, okay?! I just didn't want to ruin things" Billy told her.

"You've done that perfectly well all by yourself" Krystal scoffed.

"Let me apologise to her. I can make this right" Billy insisted.

"I don't want you anywhere near her. Or me" Krystal exclaimed.

"Krystal, please..." Billy trailed off, raising his hand out to touch her.

"Don't! Just don't" Krystal replied, taking a step back.

"You know, I was wrong. You're not a soulless asshole. You...are just like your dad" Krystal announced, watching as Billy flinched like she had hit him.

She turned around quickly and rushed back towards the house, her eyes welling with tears once again. She rubbed her eyes as she slammed the front door behind her, guilt starting to gnaw away at her. Had she taken things too far?

Author's Notes: I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! Damn, just when things were going well for Krystal and Billy. Will she be able to forgive him and her friends? Please leave a review:)

LoveFiction2019: Aw, thank you!

Guest: Thank you so much:) They'll be lots more cute moments to come.